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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

EPITAPH FOR THE REV. DR. BUCKLAND,
WRITTEN BY DR. SHUTTLEWORTH, BISHOP OF
CHICHESTER, ABOUT THE YEAR 1820.

MOURN, Ammonites, mourn o'er his funeral
urn

Whose neck ye must grace no more;
Gneiss, Granite, and Slate! he settled your
date,
And his ye must now deplore.

Weep, Caverns, weep! with infiltrating drip,
Your recesses he'll cease to explore;
For mineral veins and organic remains
No Stratum again will he bore.

Oh! his Wit shone like Crystal! his knowl-
edge profound
From Gravel to Granite descended;
No Trap could deceive him, no Slip could
confound,
Nor specimen true or pretended.
He knew the birth-rock of each pebble so
round
And how far its tour had extended.

His eloquence roll'd like the Deluge retiring
Which Mastodon carcasses floated;
To a subject obscure he gave charms so in-
spiring
Young and Old on Geology doated.
He stood forth like an Outlier; his hearers
admiring
In pencil each anecdote noted.

Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each Stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element under ground.

If with Mattock and Spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch those tools away
Of his own Geological toil.
In a Stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should be his Organic Re-
mains.

Then expos'd to the drip of some case-hard'-
ning spring,
His carcase let Stalactite cover,
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When he is incrustated all over;
There 'mid Mammoths and Crocodiles, high
on a Shelf,
Let him stand as a Monument raised to him-
self.

Notes and Queries.

FREDERICK MANT.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

LIFE has a burden for every man's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're
older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of
song;

Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Everyday toil is everyday blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may
share;

Weak is the back on which burdens are press-
ing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened
by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourn there are none to be-
friend;

Hope in the heart makes the burden seem
lighter,

And, somehow or other, we get to the end.

Victoria Magazine.

LITTLE LOVERS.

WEE little lovers aged six and ten,
Aping the manners of women and men,
He so ardent, and she so shy,
Only when somebody else is by —
When they're alone her shyness flies,
Cupid mounts quickly his throne in her eyes;
But when they're alone this bright-haired miss
Gives her wee lover a soft warm kiss.

Yet a sad little coquette is she —
Every attention she welcomes with glee;
Many a heart has she filled with pain,
Constant she finds it so hard to remain.
Lovers will come to her feet to woo,
What is the dear little damsel to do?
Is it her fault that they love her so?
Is it her fault that they won't take No?

Long be the lives of this little pair,
Sweetheart and maiden so bonny and fair!
Long may they live while their loves entwine,
Each with the other, like stems of the vine!
Or will this baby-love droop and die,
Ere many years have flown hurrying by?
Then will they deem it but childish fun,
Feeling no smart, since no harm has been
done.

Tinsley's Magazine

AT SUNSET.

OH! there are golden moments in men's lives,
Sudden, unlooked for, as the little clouds
All gold, which suddenly illumine the gates
Of the lost sun.

Oh, pray for them! They bring
No increase like the gains of sun and showers,
Only a moment's brightness to the earth,
Only a moment's gleam in common life,
Yet who would change them for the wealth of
worlds?

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Fortnightly Review.
LOYALTY.

I WAS struck the other day by reading in one of our chief periodicals the following statement: "Under a republic we may have self-government, but there is no loyalty." The writer went on to add two other antithetical sentences: "Under an absolute monarchy we may have loyalty, but there is no self-government. Under a democratic despotism there is neither." Any one of these three statements might serve as a text for a wide range of political reflections. To choose one line of thought out of many, nothing is more certain than that absolute monarchy is consistent with a very large amount of self-government in local matters, and that some of the most absolute of monarchs have found it thoroughly fall in with their purposes to allow, and even to foster, self-government of this kind. We need not go further than the rule of the Turk for abundance of examples. But the line of thought which I wish now specially to work out is that which is suggested by the first of these statements, that which says that under a republic there is no loyalty.

The statement is a little startling; and yet there is no doubt that it is one which would be very largely accepted. It is quite certain that what a great many people mean by loyalty can have no place in a republic; whether it can have any place in a democratic despotism we may forbear to inquire, till we know better what a democratic despotism is. But some of us may perhaps be inclined to think that the thing which many people call loyalty, and which certainly cannot exist in a republic, is a thing which we might very well do without, whether in republics or in monarchies. But the writer whose words I am quoting is clearly not of this way of thinking. What he means by loyalty is something which is to be wished for under any form of government, but which under some forms of government is not to be had. "It is the great merit of the English Constitution that it is capable of combining the sentiment of loyalty with the principle of self-government." The loyalty then of which the

writer speaks is something which in his view is a good thing, something whose presence is one of the distinguishing virtues of the English Constitution, something whose presence is the redeeming feature of absolute monarchy, whose absence is the weak side of republicanism, to set against its redeeming feature. Of the "democratic despotic" we need not speak, as that seemingly has no redeeming feature at all. The position is that loyalty, loyalty in a good sense, at all events in what the writer deems a good sense, is impossible in a commonwealth. It is therefore something of which the old heroes of Athens and Rome, the later heroes alike of democratic Uri and of aristocratic Bern, were wholly incapable.

This, as I said, is a rather startling position; and it is one which may set us thinking as to the meaning of the word with which we are dealing. As in all such cases, we may learn something by looking to the origin and the history of the word. It so happened in my own case that, just about the time when I stumbled on the passage which I have quoted from the modern writer, I stumbled on a passage in a mediæval writer which threw some light on the matter in two opposite ways. A prince is praising the faithfulness of an old and tried subject — it is Robert of Normandy speaking to the old Roger of Beaumont — and the words he uses are, "*Magnam legalitatem tuam optime novi*." * Here we can have no kind of doubt as to translating *legalitas* by loyalty. And, what is more, we translate it by loyalty in a sense which we suspect to be much the same as that of the modern writer; we understand it as meaning loyalty in a sense for which there certainly is no great scope in a commonwealth. But we further see, if we do not happen to have thought of the matter before, what is the real origin and earliest meaning of the word loyalty. And we see further how far it must have departed from that earliest meaning, even in the eleventh century. We see that loyalty is, in its origin, *legalitas* — conformity to law. But we see also that it was not in

* Orderic Vital, 686 C. ed. Duchèsne.

this sense that Duke Robert used the word *legalitas* or its French equivalent. He did not mean to praise Roger of Beaumont for strict adherence to law, but rather for personal faithfulness to his father and to himself. The word which, in its etymological meaning, signified strict adherence to law had come to mean personal faithfulness, and therein personal attachment and devotion, to a personal lord. The duty thought of is not the civil duty which Roger, as a member of the Norman state, owed to Robert as its head, the duty which the subject obeying according to law owes to the prince ruling according to law. It is the personal duty which Roger the "man" owed to Robert his lord, the personal duty arising from the personal obligations incurred by the act of homage. The former kind of duty could not be better expressed than by *legalitas* in its primitive meaning. When the latter kind of duty could be expressed by *legalitas*, it showed that the meaning of *legalitas* must in common use have gone widely astray from the meaning suggested by the origin of the word.

We are thus far dealing with Latin and French; but it is worth while to stop for a moment to see how the case of the mere word stands in our own language. *Rex* and *lex*, *roi* and *loi*, are words which have a lucky rime both in the older Latin and in the later French form. And the rime is kept in the adjectives which the English tongue has borrowed from both forms. We have regal and royal, legal, and loyal. And alongside of these we have the native word formed from the native substantive, which in one case is, by great good luck, a Teutonic cognate of the Latin word. Legal, loyal, lawful, stand beside one another as three kindred words. It is a mere accident of language that by regal and royal we cannot set the kindred rikelily or rikeful, but that we have to complete our company of three by a word from another source, kingly. Now the groups of substantives, *rex*, *roi*, king, *lex*, *loi*, law, have no perceptible difference of meaning; they freely translate one another in their several languages. But the use of our language leads us to

look for a certain difference of meaning in the adjectives formed from the Latin, the French, and the English substantive. Regal, royal, kingly, do not mean exactly the same thing; the three words express three different shades of meaning. But it is only different shades of meaning which they express; the same general idea runs through all; not one of the three is in any way false to its etymology. But the words which etymologically answer to these in the other series, legal, loyal, lawful, do not stand in this relation to each other. Legal and lawful do indeed express different shades of the same idea: but the central word fails us; loyal seems to have gone off on quite another tack. Royal, royalty, never lose the memory of their derivation from *roi*; but loyal and loyalty do very soon lose the memory of their derivation from *loi*. The notion of law seems to have wholly passed away from the words loyal and loyalty. Instead of the old notion of *legalitas*, two new notions seem to spring up. Loyalty suggests personal attachment to a prince. It also suggests faithful — perhaps something more than faithful — fulfilment of a promise. As commonly used, it carries us quite away from the somewhat homely, perhaps somewhat republican, style of virtue suggested by the word *legalitas*. It lands us instead among virtues of the more elegant and ornamental class. We are in short carried, if not into the actual presence, at least into the near neighborhood, of the ideas of chivalry and honor.

Now words are the signs of things, and a change in the meaning of a word of this kind seldom takes place purely at haphazard; the change is pretty sure to mark some change in laws, in manners, or in habits of thought. *Legalitas* is not a classical word; it is not a very common mediæval word; but there is evidence enough to show that it was in use in its natural sense of conformity to law.* And

* See the references in Ducange. The passages actually quoted do not so much mean conduct in conformity with the law as the position of a *legalis homo* who has done nothing to forfeit the rights which the law gives him. But the two ideas run into one another, and the idea of conformity to law is a necessary

the one passage which I have quoted is enough to show that it had very early, in its Latin form, adopted the later meaning of loyalty, while we may doubt whether loyal and loyalty were ever used, either in French or in English, in the original sense of conformity to law. In French it is not too much to say that the substantive *loi* itself did to some extent change its meaning along with its adjective. And it must be noticed that the usual meaning of the word loyal is not the same in English and in French. In English it commonly has a reference, expressed or understood, to faithfulness to a king or prince. When applied to anything else, it is in a secondary or metaphorical sense. Loyal, loyalty, without any qualification or special reference, commonly means faithfulness to a sovereign. In French the usual meaning is more general; it implies faithfulness — faithfulness, one might say, of a special kind — but not at all necessarily faithfulness to a sovereign. And, as I just hinted, the word *loi* itself to some extent changed its meaning. *Par sa loy* is an old French phrase for *en bonne foi, en honnête homme*.

Now, as was just before said, this change of meaning must have had a cause. And it is not hard to see in the history of the times concerned what that cause is. The change of meaning from *legalitas* to loyalty was simply the index of a gradual change in men's general sentiments which specially marks what are commonly called the Middle Ages. It marks how the idea of law, the idea of duty towards a community owed by every member of that community, was displaced by the idea of personal obligation owed by one man to another man. The French sense of personal good faith, the English sense of personal duty to a sovereign, both bring in the strictly personal idea, as distinguished from the idea of duty towards the community on the part of its members. We see the difference if we contrast such phrases as "good citizen" and "loyal subject." The phrase of "good citizen" brings in no thought of personal obligation due from one man to another; it

stage before we reach the idea of faithfulness to the personal lord.

brings in no thought of personal obligation arising from anything like a personal promise. The good citizen practises good faith, as he practises every other civil virtue; but he does not discharge his civil duty as a matter of good faith. He discharges it as a duty which, if not higher, is at least earlier than good faith. He obeys the law, not because he has promised to obey it, but simply and directly because it is the law, because it is the binding rule of the community of which he is part. In obeying the law he may easily have to obey particular persons; he may have to obey the lawful commands of a personal magistrate, king, president, consul, or any other. But he will obey them, not because of any duty which he personally owes to the magistrate personally, but because the magistrate represents the community, and claims obedience as exercising an authority which the community has delegated to him. But in the conception of the "loyal subject" all is personal. Obedience is yielded by a person to a person, because of a personal obligation between the two. And at the bottom of this obligation lies the notion of a promise. The promise need not have been actually made in every case; but the idea of a promise, the idea of homage, fealty, allegiance, in some shape or other, affects the whole conception. This particular man may not have done homage or sworn allegiance; but on the one hand he may, in many conceivable cases, be called upon to do so; and, if he never is so called upon, still the relation in which he finds himself is one which was originally created by the existence of a promise, actual or implied. The whole notion of a personal relation, of personal duty, of personal loyalty in short, to a personal sovereign, as distinguished from obedience to the law of the community and to the magistrate — that is, to the sovereign in a monarchic State — as the representative and minister of the community, springs directly from the relation of homage, the relation of a man to his lord. This is a purely personal relation, and a relation in which a promise, expressed or implied, is the essence of everything. It is a relation of good faith

on both sides; the man owes faithful service to his lord; the lord owes faithful protection to his man. Each is dishonored if he fails to discharge that duty faithfully—loyally. That is to say, the personal obligation of good faith has taken the place of the general obedience to law. The law of the community has given way to the personal obligations of individuals. Law, in short, has vanished; personal good faith remains as the nearest approach to it. That is to say, *legalitas* has been changed into loyalty; "*par ma loy*," has become the same thing as "*par ma foy*."

Now all this is part of the same set of ideas and feelings of which I spoke some years back in this review in an article headed, "The Law of Honor."* It is part of the same change which I have elsewhere tried to trace out† with regard to the two rival conceptions of the State and its chief, one in which the king or other ruler is looked on directly as the head of the community, and one in which the idea of the community pretty well passes away and the king or other chief is looked on mainly as the personal lord. As a matter of fact, neither idea ever altogether dislodged the other; the two have gone on side by side; but one has been dominant in some times and places, and the other in others. I leave out the third view of kingship, that which clothes the king with a garb of religious sanctity, an idea which, I need not say, has, under different forms, had no small influence both in heathen and in Christian times. For on the one hand this religious character of the ruler is peculiar to the king,—in the one case Zeus-born or Woden-born, in the other case, the Lord's anointed—while the other two aspects of the ruler may be equally shared by rulers of a lower rank than that of king. And, on the other hand, the religious view of kingship does not stand apart from the other two views; it is not implied in either of them, but it is consistent with both of them. Now, taking these two conceptions of the position of the ruler, and of the duty owing to him, the substitution of the idea of faithfulness to the person for the idea of obedience to the law of a community is part of the same range of ideas as the substitution of the standard of honor for the standard either of abstract of right or of the law of the land. As in this latter case, the change of standard does not

necessarily imply any different course of action. As religion, morals, law, and honor do in many cases prescribe exactly the same outward acts, so—for it is simply one case in point among others—the good citizen and the loyal subject will often be led to exactly the same acts. In a State governed by a king, and where the king rules according to law, it will necessarily be so. For the good citizen will obey all the king's lawful commands, and such a king will issue none but lawful commands. But the two standards may clash, and they often have clashed; several periods of English history, pre-eminently the thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries, are largely made up of instances of their clashing. And when they do clash, it will be found that personal loyalty, like the law of honor, is really the possession—the virtue, if we choose to call it so—of a class. Personal loyalty, like personal honor—personal loyalty being one form of personal honor—is primarily the possession or the virtue of the knight or the gentleman. This does not imply that it cannot be practised by anybody below the formal rank of gentleman; still it is a gentleman's virtue. It is specially looked for from those who are placed high enough for some kind of actual personal relation towards the sovereign not to be wholly out of their reach. If it is practised by others, it is the kind of conduct which draws forth that ambiguous kind of compliment which pronounces certain persons who are not gentlemen by rank to be gentlemen by nature or by conduct. To look for personal loyalty specially in one class is instinctive; and the instinctive feeling has influenced the popular estimate of one important period of our history. It is a very common belief that the Cavaliers were gentlemen and that the Roundheads were not gentlemen. It is easy to show that any such sweeping statement as this is historically false. Many gentlemen, not a few noblemen, drew the sword for the Parliament. And yet the popular notion, like most popular notions, is not without an element of truth in it. It instinctively grasps the fact that the king's side was the natural side for loyal gentlemen as loyal gentlemen, while the side of the Parliament was the natural side for good citizens as good citizens.* The king's army was

* See *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1876.

† See *Norman Conquest*, v. 381.

* I use the word "citizen," because I cannot find a better; though it is not strictly applicable to England, and it always has a foreign sound. We have lost something in the word *landleoda*.

primarily a gentleman's army; it was an army which took its character from gentlemen, an army whose virtues and vices were the virtues and vices of gentlemen, an army, in short, made up of gentlemen and of those who were influenced by gentlemen. The Parliamentary army, on the other hand, though there was no lack of gentlemen in it, took its character from other sources. It was pre-eminently the army of men who served, not from the more ornamental sentiments of honor and loyalty, but from a deep and steady conviction of right, according to some theory of right, religious or political. The character of that army, that which distinguishes it from most other armies, is the presence of those specially God-fearing and law-abiding classes who did not claim to be gentlemen, but who pre-eminently claimed to be honest men. Notwithstanding the presence of not a few gentlemen, knights, nobles, on the Roundhead side, the virtues and the failings of the typical Roundhead are of a kind exactly opposite to the pre-eminently knightly or gentlemanly virtues and failings of the typical cavalier.

We thus find that the loyal man and the law-abiding man—the votaries of *legalitas* in its later and in its earlier sense—are not only two distinct characters, but are two characters which, though they may very easily coalesce, may also very easily become actually hostile. We see that personal loyalty to the personal ruler—a thoroughly good and generous feeling whenever it is not preferred to the dictates of any higher duty—belongs to the class of graceful, ornamental, what we may call knightly or chivalrous, virtues, virtues which have more in common with generous instincts than with deep convictions of right. Montesquieu puts forth a truth when he says that honor is the principle of monarchies—not of mere despotisms, whose principle is fear—while virtue is the principle of commonwealths.* Montesquieu's way of putting this truth is not the way in which we should put it nowadays; but he has got hold of the truth none the less. And in this sense we cannot deny that the assertion which we set out by quoting is perfectly true. Loyalty in this sense, loyalty to a personal ruler, loyalty whose source is a formal or implied personal promise of fidelity, cannot in strictness exist in a commonwealth. There is no object in a republican government to

which this particular kind of feeling can attach itself. The highest republican standard falls back from loyalty to *legalitas* in the strictest sense.

ὁ ξείν', ὑγγελῶν Λακεδαιμονίους ὅτι τῆδε
κείμενα, τοῖς κείνους πεῖθόμενοι νομίμους.

Here it is assumed that the highest praise that can be given to self-devotion even unto death is to mark it simply as obedience to the law.

But though in this, and in other cases like this, there is no room for loyalty in the strict personal sense, there is room for a feeling of exactly the same kind. To the citizen of a commonwealth his city has often become a kind of personal being—the deification of *Roma* is the most highly developed form of this feeling—a being which can call forth a feeling somewhat different from simple obedience to law, and which comes much nearer to devotion or loyalty to a personal object. In this sense there may be loyalty, even of the personal kind, in a commonwealth. The commonwealth itself may become the object of the same kind of personal feeling as that which in the other case gathers round the personal sovereign. So there may in the same way be, in a secondary sense, loyalty to a cause, to a party, to a political leader, to a military commander, a personal feeling of essentially the same kind as loyalty to a sovereign, and quite distinct from simple obedience to law. But in every such case the feeling is dangerous. There is always the fear lest devotion to a party or to a leader may clash with the higher duty to the commonwealth itself. Not a few rebel leaders, from Sulla and Cæsar onwards, have been the objects of a feeling on the part of their followers which, as far as the feeling itself went, must have been very much the same as that of loyalty to a lawful sovereign. It is essentially the same feeling both in its good and its bad side. Loyalty to a party, a leader, a general, just like loyalty to a king, is a perfectly healthy feeling as long as it is kept in check by the higher principle of obedience to law. As soon as it leads to disobedience to the law of the land, much more when it leads to disobedience to the eternal law of right, it has passed from virtue into vice; loyalty has rebelled against *legalitas*.

But, though the sentiment of loyalty, as it has so far been defined, may, like any other sentiment, be abused and lead men astray, it is clearly in itself one of the better sentiments of our nature. Ex-

* *Esprit des Loix*, i. iii., c. 3.

actly as in the case of the whole class of sentiments which are akin to it, it is a taking sentiment, more taking at first sight than the higher principle with which it sometimes clashes. When we rule that loyalty, honor, chivalry, any other of the whole class of kindred ideas, is inferior to any of the class of ideas with which we have sometimes to contrast them, we do it to some extent against the grain. When we see it said that loyalty cannot exist in a commonwealth, our first impulse is to deny and resent the assertion, as a libel upon commonwealths. The whole class of what we may call chivalrous sentiments are distinctly attractive as long as we see only their attractive side. They are attractive because they are, or seem to be, elevating, unselfish — perhaps even because they are in some sort uncalculating and unreflecting. The loyalty of the seventeenth-century cavalier was undoubtedly in itself an ennobling feeling, a feeling leading men to high-minded and unselfish action. All that can be said against it is that it was largely misapplied, that self-devotion to a personal sovereign changed from a reasonable worship to blind superstition the moment it led a man to cleave to the personal sovereign in opposition to the law. For the State itself is, or ought to be, capable of kindling a devotion quite as pure and unselfish as any that can be kindled for the personal sovereign. The loyalty of the higher type of cavalier was the old feeling of faithfulness due from a man to his lord, intensified when the king was the only lord and when all such feelings gathered round him only, and further intensified by the doctrine of the sacred character of the king as the Lord's anointed. A moment's thought will show that the doctrine of the king as the Lord's anointed is logically inconsistent with the doctrine of hereditary right and with the lawyer's inference that the king never dies. But, as in many other cases, two doctrines which are logically inconsistent are easily reconciled in practice, if they both tend to exalt the same object. Faith to the lord, reverence to the crowned king, something too not unlike the clansman's devotion to the hereditary chief, all joined in the hearts of the gallant men who furnish the best type of the cavalier. There were among them men who deemed themselves bound by honor to fight the king's battles, even though, as some of them distinctly did, they condemned those actions of the king which had made any battles needful. We may

deem their course wrong in policy and even in morals; but there was at least nothing mean, nothing paltry, nothing cringing, about it.

But now comes the question, Is all loyalty of this kind? Is loyalty in the sense in which the word is most commonly understood loyalty of this kind? Is it a loyalty of this kind which most people would understand in the position that there can be no loyalty in a commonwealth? We have seen that a feeling essentially the same as loyalty in the better sense may exist in a commonwealth, and that the commonwealth itself may be the object of it. But it is equally true that there is another kind of so-called loyalty which cannot exist in a commonwealth, and of which we may surely say that it is one of the good points of a commonwealth that it cannot exist in it. There is a feeling which very largely exists, which I do not for a moment believe is shared by the writer whose words I have taken as a kind of text, but which would certainly affect the sense in which many people would understand his words. Many people would understand the position that there can be no loyalty in a republic as meaning that there can be no political duty in a republic. It may sound strange; but this is really what many people think. They can conceive no object of political devotion, no object even of political duty, except a personal object. They most likely would not put forth this doctrine in so many words; but it is easy to see from their way of speaking and thinking that they practically hold it. They would certainly be amazed at the doctrine that loyalty is possible in a commonwealth, because they are amazed at the doctrine that the opposites of loyalty are possible. They cannot understand that there can be treason or rebellion in a commonwealth. I have myself known people very much amazed when I have spoken of the act of Louis Napoleon in 1851 as "rebellion." They could not make it out at all; how could a Buonaparte rebel? What was there for him to rebel against? He was a prince: people might rebel against him, but he could not rebel against anybody. Perhaps in this particular case their minds may have been a little confused by the strange belief, which really seems not uncommon, that Napoleon the Second succeeded Napoleon the First, and that Napoleon the Third succeeded Napoleon the Second, by unbroken and undisputed hereditary succession, no less than the divinest

Stewart or Bourbon. But there was also, alongside of the belief that it was impossible for a Buonaparte to rebel, the further feeling that it was impossible for a mere republic to be rebelled against. It is quite certain that, if the man of December had displaced a king to whom he was bound by the same ties of allegiance as those by which he was bound to the republic, most of those who applauded or accepted his act would have looked upon it as a guilty rebellion. This feeling that a republican government has, so to speak, no position, that no kind of duty, seemingly no kind of courtesy, is owing to it, comes out in the strangest ways. It was shown in many things at the time of the amazing outburst which just now followed the death of young Buonaparte in South Africa. The adventurer avowedly went out to join in the slaughter of men who had done him no wrong, in order thereby to make political capital which might help him some day to disturb the peace of his own country. We know how the avowal of such motives would have been spoken of in the case of a Communist; in an "imperial prince" it is looked on with other eyes. It was most likely without any purpose of insult, without any thought of the real meaning of the words which he uttered, that one of the conventionally "illustrious" class calmly speculated in public on the possibility of the young conspirator becoming the ruler of France, and on the certainty that he would have been made a good ruler if it had so happened. That is to say, he discussed the possibility of the free government of a friendly country being overthrown and a tyranny being set up in its stead. We should hardly think it civil if the president of the French republic should openly discuss the question which Fenian convict would make the best president of a British republic. We cannot fancy that any English prince would, during the time of the tyranny in France, have openly discussed the claims of any republican exile to be the chief of a future republican government. We cannot now fancy such an one openly discussing the claims of some exiled prince, even of real princely descent, to supplant a friendly sovereign on his throne. In all these cases the discourtesy, the something more than discourtesy, would be seen at once. But it would seem that the discourtesy is not seen when it is only a commonwealth and its chief magistrate which are the objects of it. It is assumed that a prince, even a prince whose principedom is of so

brassy a kind as the principedom of the Buonapartes, is a being of another clay, and entitled to quite another kind of treatment, from the chief magistrate of a commonwealth and from the State of which he is the head. It would seem that the commonwealth is looked on as possessing no claim to duty and loyalty on the part of its own citizens, and as therefore entitled to a very scant measure of respect on the part of its allies and neighbors among other nations.

We may take an example from another hemisphere. During the American Civil War, many people were not a little offended at the name "rebel" being applied to the Confederates. I do not mean those who defended the right of secession on any intelligible, however fallacious, political theory. I mean those who, just as in the French case, simply could not understand how there could be rebels where there was no king to rebel against. It is certain that many people, irrespective of any view as to the points at issue, thought that it was rather fine to rise up against a republic, especially a federal republic. That the Confederates were themselves as much a republic, and a federal republic, as their Northern enemies, that they were just as far removed as their Northern enemies from loyalty to any king, did not seem to make any difference; anyhow it was rather a good thing than not to revolt against a republic, a federal republic, a democratic federal republic. To many minds it seemed an unanswerable proof of the worthlessness of republican, especially of federal, systems, that those who were dissatisfied with the working of the federal republic in which they found themselves at once set up another federal republic on the same model. If they had revolted against a king in order to set up another king, the same minds would have looked on it as an unanswerable proof of the incomparable merits of kingly government.

The unlucky truth is that into a large number of minds the great ideas of the law and the State do not enter at all. Not a few people seem unable to conceive obedience or attachment to anything but a person. The notion of loyalty to a person seems with them to have wholly displaced the notion of duty to the community. One may be inclined to doubt whether a loyalty of this kind would be likely to bear up against any very strong temptations. It may be that, in any hour of trial, a ruler is likely to receive the most really loyal support from

those who support him as the lawful chief of the State, drawing all his powers from the law of the State. It is quite certain that a great deal that passes for loyalty nowadays, as it is quite different from lawful obedience to the State and its chief—*legalitas*, in short—is also quite different from the cavalier loyalty of the seventeenth century. This last, as I have already said, has a taking and ennobling side to it. A great deal of what is now called loyalty is certainly anything but ennobling, and it is hard to conceive the kind of mind to which it can be taking. The strictly civil notion of lawful obedience to the holder of the highest office in the State—the chivalrous or feudal notion of faithfulness to a personal lord—the religious notion of reverence for the Lord's anointed—seem all alike to have given way to a feeling which cannot be distinguished from mere grovelling worship of rank. It is a cringing feeling; it is the feeling of those who cringe a good deal to a lord and who cringe a good deal more to a prince. Not a little lies in this last word. People seem utterly to have forgotten the difference which, on any theory of kingship, exists between the king himself and any subject, even though that subject be his own child. A king's son is not the chief of the State; he is not the personal lord of his father's subjects; least of all is he the Lord's Anointed. He is simply a subject of the highest rank, who may perhaps some day become all these things, but who is none of them as yet. Yet we constantly hear members of the royal family spoken of in words which any intelligible theory of loyalty would reserve for the sovereign only. Some of the instances are very curious. I remember, it may be a few years back, the *Times* speaking, quite casually and with no thought of proving anything by the expression, of the Archbishop of Canterbury as "the first subject" in the kingdom. What was meant of course was that the Archbishop of Canterbury takes precedence of all persons not of the royal family.* But the writer was so used to think of the royal family as something altogether different from other human beings, that it did not come into his head that the queen's children, grandchildren, and cousins, are just

as much her subjects as any other of her people. The archbishop is the first in rank of ordinary mortals, of persons of whom it is lawful to speak freely and without bated breath, the first of those whose sayings and doings may be criticized without disloyalty. Therefore he seemed to the writer to be the "first subject" in the kingdom. So it is with a crowd of phrases "royal visit," "royal marriage," and the like, when there is no king or queen in the case, but simply a subject who is near of kin to a king or queen. Test such a phrase as this by the analogies of language. Take the highest hereditary rank among ordinary mortals. No one would call a visit from a duke's son or daughter a "ducal visit." "Royal family" is perfectly good sense; so is "ducal family;" that is, in either case, a family which supplies kings or dukes, a family whose head from the time being is always a king or a duke. But people talk, not only of "royal visit" and "royal marriage," but of "royal lips," "royal presence," and what not, when they are all the while talking of a subject, sometimes of a commoner. The phrases are used in a way which is quite unconscious and objectless. But it just because the phrases are so unconscious, so objectless, that they are the more worthy of remark. They are the index of a kind of feeling which could hardly have existed in any earlier time. And they are the index of a feeling which is surely inconsistent with true loyalty of any type. The feeling with which any form of true loyalty looks on the personal sovereign in any of his characters is here, so far as it can be said to exist at all, transferred from the sovereign to a certain class of his subjects. The truth is that is a wholly different feeling. I repeat that the old cavalier loyalty, however mistaken and misleading we may hold it to be, was in itself not an abasing but an ennobling feeling. It did not necessarily lead to any habitual tampering with truth and morals. But the kind of words and deeds which are now called loyal are essentially debasing and not ennobling, and they directly lead to tampering with truth and morals. In a government like ours it is doubtless necessary that there should be one person, the actual sovereign, who is placed above the reach of political praise or blame. But this is on the understanding that the public acts of the sovereign are the acts of the minister, and that the minister is open to political praise and blame. It does not seem to follow that this peculiar position need

* In theory it is not easy to define the "royal family." Would a person descended from the electress Sophia through ten generations of subjects be a member of it? Practically it is perfectly well defined, because for so long a time there have been no descendants of the chosen stock further off than the near cousins of the actual sovereign.

go beyond the actual sovereign. But, if a whole class of persons are to be placed beyond the reach of criticism, they must at least abstain from all those acts which in persons of other classes are open to criticism. They must keep themselves from any share, direct or indirect, in any public matter. They must hold no office or commission; they must give no vote in the only house of Parliament in which they are likely to be found.* Such exclusion is surely not a good training for anybody; but freedom from public criticism can only be had on the condition of abstaining from all public action, direct or indirect, open or secret. It is against common fairness that there should be a class of people who may act, if not directly and openly, at least indirectly and secretly, but whose acts may not be freely spoken of like the acts of other men.

But the main evil is not political, but social and moral. What is now called loyalty, that is, the feeling of abasement before all persons of the highest rank, and not only before themselves but before their very names, has undoubtedly a corrupting tendency. It cannot gender to truthfulness or to a high moral tone of any kind, that there should be a class of persons who are to be, if not judged, at least spoken of, according to a different standard from that by which other people are judged and spoken of. And it becomes almost worse if the distinction should rather be that they are to be spoken of in public in a different way from that in which they are spoken of in private. It cannot be good either to speak in another way from that in which we think, or to school ourselves to think in a different way from that in which our untutored conscience bids us to think. It cannot be good that we should be expected to admire books which will undoubtedly be of use to antiquaries, and even to historians, in ages to come, but which now serve only to gratify a morbid love of gossip. Least of all can it be good that it should be acknowledged that any class of persons has a right to break the law. As straws show the way of the wind, a petty and perhaps untrue story will illustrate my meaning. I once read in a newspaper a tale how a person, described as an eminent barrister, was in a railway carriage

with another passenger who insisted on smoking against rule. The barrister remonstrated and threatened an appeal to the police. The offender showed him a card by which it appeared that he was a kinsman of the sovereign, though, it is fair to add, not of the nearest kin. The story added, "Of course no further objection was made." Most likely the story is false. But, if it be false, it is all the better as an illustration. It shows what a great many people would hold to be the right thing to do in such a case. It is assumed that the "illustrious" person has a right to do what he chooses, to break the law and to annoy others, and that ordinary mortals have nothing to do but to bow down to his whims.

Now all this has really nothing to do with loyalty in any sense. It has nothing to do with reverence for an office, nothing to do with faithfulness to a person. It is simply a cringing worship of rank which puts on the name of a better feeling. The real evil of it all is the unavoidable tampering with the moral sense. A man is in no way abased by kneeling in a formal ceremony before his liege lord, still less if it be his liege lady. He is abased if he accustoms himself to speak or to think of any person, on the mere ground of exalted rank, according to a different standard from that which he would use towards the rest of mankind. The doctrine of utter separation between "royal personages" and the rest of mankind is, in its present shape, a very modern one. It has absolutely nothing in common with that instinctive feeling towards illustrious descent against which it is vain to argue, because it is inborn. Those who now cringe to a Royal Highness do not do it because he has in him the blood of William and Cerdic. It has nothing in common with the ancient doctrine of the kingliness of the whole kingly house. According to that doctrine the most distant member of the kingly house was indeed as kingly as the nearest. But criticism at least was not shut out when the nation chose the worthiest of the kingly house to be the actual ruler. It has nothing in common with any of the later doctrines of loyalty, civil, feudal, or religious. In truth it shuts out all special loyalty to the actual sovereign; it shuts out all exclusive reverence to the sovereign's office, all exclusive devotion to the sovereign's person. It puts instead of him a cringing worship of mere rank, which, when it is shown to the

* As the law knows no classes but peers and commoners, it would seem that a son of the sovereign who has not been created a peer might be chosen to the House of Commons as well as another man.

highest rank of all, can cover itself under fairer names than when it is shown to even the highest rank among ordinary human beings. The only thing to be said for this kind of self-abasement is that it is at least disinterested. It sometimes rises to be a kind of unconscious and unrewarded self-devotion. People go to stare at a prince, they like to hear the pettiest details about a prince, without the least hope that the prince will ever do anything for them or even become aware of their existence. As for those who are brought nearer to the charmed circle, one can understand a man turning courtier in the days when he had a chance of getting the estate of the next beheaded duke. It is at first sight hard to understand why anybody turns courtier now, when the most unwearied drudge seems to rise no higher than a C.B. But the thing does seem to be a kind of self-devotion, and, as such, a kind of virtue; and it is to be supposed that, in this case also, virtue is its own reward.

In this sense certainly loyalty can find no place in a commonwealth. It is hard to practice this kind of loyalty even towards a president; it is quite impossible to practice it towards a federal council. But we may be at least allowed to ask whether the commonwealth loses anything by the absence of loyalty of this kind. Some have thought it an advantage of the Swiss system, as distinguished, not only from kings but from presidents, that the Federal Council is never born, never dies, and never marries. There is therefore no place for the wonderful gush of so-called loyalty which takes place whenever a royal personage does any of those things. There may be men in a commonwealth whom every man may deem it an honor to speak to; it is perhaps no loss that there is no one of whom it is officially set down that he "honors" every one whom he speaks to.

In a word, loyalty in the etymological sense, *legalitas*, obedience to law, is man's highest earthly duty. Loyalty in the secondary sense, faithfulness to a personal lord, while inferior to this highest duty, is still a good and ennobling feeling, whenever it is not allowed to clash with the higher duty. But the so-called loyalty which forgets the law, and the personal lord as well, in mere purposeless cringing and self-abasement, has simply no right to the name. It has nothing in common with the devotion of the Greek who gave his life in obedience to the law of his commonwealth. It has nothing in

common with the devotion of the ancient Englishman who deemed it the noblest end to

lie thane-like,
His lord hard by.
EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Temple Bar.

THE SEALED LETTER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE great road from Paris to Belgium is both long and dull, stretching away mile after mile in a perfectly straight line through a hideous country of yellow mud, without trees or hedges, and nearly perfectly flat. Yet in this uninteresting country, when I was on horseback and alone, I met with an adventure which I have never since forgotten. It was as long ago as the year 1815, when the scarcely unexpected return of the great emperor from Elba had led to a plentiful exodus of those who had attached themselves to the fortunes of King Louis XVIII., more especially those who, like myself, had been in attendance upon the person of the king. My horse had cast a shoe, and I had thus fallen a little in the rear of my comrades, whose white cloaks and crimson uniforms were easily discernible through the blinding rain on the horizon in front; whilst behind me the lancers of Bonaparte, with their tricolored pennons, hovered in the rear, following us step by step, with the evident intention of seeing us over the frontier. I was but little more than a lad, but I had a tolerable horse under me, and a plentiful supply of money in my pockets; and although the rain came down without ceasing, and I was wet through and covered with mud, I kept up my spirits by singing one of the popular songs of the day, whilst I watched the rain trickling over my new gold epaulets. At last my horse began to droop his head, and, like him, my spirits sobered down, and I began for the first time to ask myself where I was going. I had not the faintest notion, but I did not trouble myself much on that score, for my squadron was in front, and in following my comrades I was but doing my duty—a more than sufficient reason to my not very troublesome conscience. Insensibly, however, I began analyzing this curious feeling of abnegation of self, which is at the bottom of all sense of duty,

more especially as it might affect a soldier, and I speculated freely upon the disagreeable positions I might find myself placed in when duty and obedience pointed in one direction, and one's own feelings in the other.

The pouring rain, the dismal country, the endless road, were not likely to give the most cheerful tone to my cogitations, and I was but too glad of the break afforded by the sudden appearance of a black object crawling along the yellow road at the distance of something like a mile and a half, and which was evidently under the control of some human being or other, who would at least put an end to my dreary *tête-à-tête*. I reined in my horse to examine the object more carefully, and soon made out that it consisted of a small covered cart drawn by some animal, which, from the zigzag mode of progression adopted, was evidently even more tired and depressed than the horse I was riding. The poor animal seemed as pleased at the prospect of companionship as I was, and willingly responding to my efforts to make him mend his pace, I was soon enabled to see that I was fast approaching a small spring cart, over which a black tarpaulin was stretched by means of three ribs of wood, resembling a sort of cradle on wheels, whilst the tired mule who dragged it wearily along was guided by a man holding the reins in his hands as he trudged stoutly by its side. I had plenty of time to make my observations as I ranged up alongside of my future companion, who was a tall, athletic man of some fifty years of age, with thick white moustaches, and the slight stoop in the shoulders which is the unmistakable sign of the old infantry officer who has long carried the knapsack. He wore the uniform and epaulets of a major, under a small, blue and rather threadbare cloak, and he had the weatherbeaten look on his face which is so common among men who have seen a good deal of rough service in the field. As I approached him he gave me a quick glance from under his shaggy eyebrows, and slowly drawing a loaded musket from the little cart, he cocked it, whilst placing himself on the other side of the mule, which was thus unconsciously transformed into a rampart. Seeing the white cockade, I contented myself with drawing aside my cloak so as to show my uniform, and he at once replaced the musket in the cart, saying, with a backward gesture of his thumb,—

"Ah! that makes all the difference. I

took you for one of those fellows who are following us behind there. Would you like a drink?"

"Gladly," said I, approaching him eagerly; "for it's more than ten hours since anything but rain water has passed my lips."

He had a very prettily engraved cocoa-nut with a silver top slung round his neck, and producing this with evident pride he handed it to me filled with some thin, sour white wine, but which tasted to me like nectar to the gods. I handed it back to him, and before readjusting it he took a mouthful of the contents, adding,—

"To the king's health! He gave me a step in the Legion of Honor, and it is but right that I should attend him to the frontier. When that's done, as I have nothing but my epaulets to live by, I shall return to my regiment. It's my duty."

He said this more as if speaking to himself than to me, and set his mule again in motion, whilst I rode slowly along by his side for more than a quarter of an hour without hazarding any remark, so fearful was I of putting an end to our newly-formed acquaintanceship by what might prove to be an indiscretion with a man who was evidently somewhat peculiar. As he soon stopped again to rest his tired mule, I took the opportunity of getting rid of the rain which had soaked down into my long horseman's boots.

"Your boots seem to stick pretty tight to your feet," said he.

"It's a long time since I've had them off," I replied.

"Bah! you must learn to think nothing of that," he rejoined, in his gruff voice.

"If you mean to be a soldier, especially in such stirring times as we are likely to live in —" Then turning half round, he added, "What do you suppose I've got in the cart there?"

"I am sure I don't know," I answered.

"It's a woman!"

"Ah!" said I, with a sort of grunt, but not venturing on any other sign of astonishment, and following him at a foot's pace.

"That poor old wheelbarrow there didn't cost me much, nor the mule either. Nevertheless it's all I've got to make the march on, although the road drags out like a linendraper's measure."

I at once offered him the loan of my horse, and as he saw I had no intention of sneering at himself or his conveyance he seemed on a sudden at his ease, and coming alongside my stirrup he gave me a hearty smack on the knee.

"Well, you are a good fellow, although you have the crimson breeches on."

The recollection of the dislike with which our four favored regiments of the bodyguard had been always regarded by the line flashed across my mind, and I believe I blushed at the way in which we had been preferred to the old soldiers.

"However," added he, "I won't accept your good-natured offer, for the very sufficient reason that I don't know how to ride."

"But, major, officers of your rank are compelled to ride!"

"Bah, once a year, at the inspection, and then we hire any old hack. As for me, I began life as a sailor, and ever since I have been in the line I never troubled myself about learning to ride."

I could see he was eyeing me closely for the next few minutes, and apparently expecting me to say something, but as he found I was still silent he went on, —

"So you're not curious? I thought I should have astonished you."

"I'm not so easily astonished as you think."

"If I were to tell you why I left the sea I should astonish you, whatever you may think now."

"Well, why don't you try? At all events it might warm us up, and make me forget the rain that gets in at the nape of my neck and runs down to the heels of my boots."

The good-natured major was evidently as pleased as a child to tell his story, and forthwith prepared himself for it. He readjusted his shako, covered with oil-skin, on his head, and gave a hitch forward with one of his shoulders, which could have satisfied even the rawest recruit that he belonged to the infantry; that veritable shrug that the foot soldier gives his knapsack to shift the load and lighten the weight, and which never forsakes him after he becomes an officer. After this convulsive gesture he drank a mouthful from his cocoanut, gave a dig in the ribs to his mule by way of encouragement, and began.

CHAPTER II.

"I WAS born at Brest, and, to avoid troubling you with details you won't care for, let me say that I ran away to sea when I was a lad, and was found stowed away in the forecabin of an Indiaman when she had lost sight of land. The captain was better-natured than some would have been in his position, and instead of pitching me into the sea he

turned me into a cabin-boy; and, for my part, so anxious was I to prove that his kindness was not misplaced, I worked away so hard that at the end of fifteen years I found myself in command of a merchant brig of some five hundred tons' burthen. When the Revolution broke out, the Royal Marine (which, mind you, was as good a service as a man need wish for) found itself deprived of the greater portion of its officers, and the authorities were glad enough to put men like me in command, who had not only had sufficient experience as seamen, but had also shown an aptitude for fighting in brushes with pirates, and such like irregular warfare. However, whatever my merits were, one fine morning I found myself in command of the corvette 'Marat,' of twenty-six guns and three hundred and fifty men, having just received orders to get ready for Cayenne, whither I was to take a reinforcement for the garrison, and a political prisoner, whom the frigate 'Décade,' which had sailed a week before, had been obliged to leave behind for want of room. On the 28th of Fructidor, 1797, I received my orders from the Directory, the first letter inclosing a second with three broad red seals, which I was directed not to break until I had reached certain degrees of latitude and longitude, which would bring me somewhere near the line. It was a remarkable letter in many ways, for it was of extreme length, and was so carefully sealed and gummed together that I found it impossible to glean the smallest notion of its contents, which I am not ashamed to say I was most anxious to become possessed of. From the first I conceived a dread of this mysterious-looking document, and after much consideration I determined to place it inside the glass of a little useless clock, which was fixed over my bed, until the time arrived when I was authorized to ascertain its contents. The rest of the furniture of my cabin was as neat and appropriate as you could find in any man-of-war; for instance, my bed at night was shut up into a sofa in the daytime, where I smoked my pipe; the floor was waxed and scrubbed until it shone like a looking-glass, and when all was in order it was as pretty a room as you would wish to see. What pleasant days we spent there, and what an agreeable voyage it was, until—but I must not anticipate.

"We started with a fair wind, and I happened to be engaged in putting my letter inside the glass of the clock when a

knock came at the cabin door, and my prisoner entered, bringing with him a pretty young girl, about seventeen years of age, whom he held by the hand. He was not much more than nineteen himself, and a good-looking lad, except that he was a little too pale and too white for a man; he *was* a man, however, and one who behaved like one of the heroes of ancient days, when the occasion arose, as you will see before I've done. As I turned round he drew his wife's arm within his own, and there they were, looking as fresh and happy as two turtle-doves, and made me quite happy to see them.

"So there you are, my children," said I; "and come to give a visit to your captain. It's very kind of you, and although I have some distance to carry you away, so much the better, for it will give us the time to get acquainted. Forgive me, madame, for not having my coat on, but I was engaged in nailing this clock up securely, so that I might get rid of this hateful letter. Do you think you can help me?"

"They really were a nice little pair. The little husband took the hammer and his little wife the nails, and they passed me the one and the other as I asked for them; she, laughing merrily, called out 'to the right,' or 'to the left, captain,' as the rolling of the ship made the clock lurch about; in fact she was making fun of me.

"You naughty child, I'll tell your husband to scold you if you don't mind," and then she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him; for they were like two children, and it was no wonder we soon became great friends together. We were pretty lucky in our passage, for the weather seemed made expressly for us, and I made my two little friends come and dine daily with me. When our frugal dinner was over they would nod and wink to each other, and when I laughed at them they would join in with me. Nothing came amiss to then, and they were always merry and pleased with everything that was done for them. Although my orders were to be kind and attentive to them, I was specially told to keep them on the ordinary ship's rations, and they had their hammocks like the rest of the crew. I was like you, my friend, and I didn't bother people with questions about what did not concern them; for what were their name or their affairs to me, who was only the captain of the ship that took them over to the other side of the world? At the end of a month I had be-

gun to look upon them as my children; whenever I called them they came and sat down by me; the young man wrote at my table (that is to say, my bed), and helped me to work out the longitude, and soon got to do it as well as I could, and then we talked about anything that turned up until the watch was called.

"Do you know," said I one day, "we make up quite a family party. I don't want to cross-question you about your affairs, but probably you have not too much money between you, and you will find it hard work to dig and delve among those prisoners at Cayenne. It's a horrible country out there, but for a seasoned old fellow like me, who has been dried up by the sun, I can live there like a lord. Now if you have any sort of liking for me, I'll throw up my commission on board this old craft and I'll establish myself out there with you, if you wish I should do so. I have not a single relation at home, and you would make me a nice little household. I can help you to a score of things, for I have not sailed the seas all these years for nothing, and I have a snug little strong-box on board that I've come by honestly enough, and which I shall leave to you when the time comes that I must lose the number of my mess."

"They looked at each other quite astounded, as if they scarcely believed what I said; and then the little woman fell back on her unfailing resource — she ran, crying and blushing, to her husband, and threw her arms round his neck. He put his arm round her waist, and I saw tears too in his eyes; he held out his hand to me, and I noticed that he was more pale than usual. She spoke in a low voice to him, in his ear, while her thick locks of yellow hair fell over his shoulder, and he answered her in the same way, occasionally kissing her forehead, whilst she wept without ceasing, until I got tired of seeing it.

"So this doesn't suit you?" said I at last.

"But — but, captain, you are too good," stammered the husband. "I hardly know what to say to you for your goodness, but — how *can* you live with prisoners?" and then he lowered his eyes, and a blush came over his face.

"I don't know what you've done to be transported in this fashion," I replied, "but you can tell me or not some day or other, if you choose to do so. You don't seem as if you had anything very disgraceful on your conscience, and I am pretty sure I have done worse things than

you. Once for all, so long as you are committed to my custody it is my duty to look after you, and I shall do so, and you must expect nothing else; for, under orders, I'd twist your neck as I would a brace of pigeons; but, once I throw off the coat with the epaulets on it, and I care neither for the admiral nor for any one else under the sun.'

"It is because I think it might be dangerous for *you*, captain, to be friends of ours that I hesitate. We laugh because we are young; we are happy because we love each other; but I have very dismal half-hours when I think of the future and what may happen to my poor Laura.'

"As he said this he pressed his young wife to his breast, and murmured,—

"I ought to have said as much to the captain, don't you think so, my darling? I am sure you would have said as much yourself!'

"I took my pipe and turned away, for to tell the truth I felt as if the tears were coming into my eyes, and that was not a state in which a man in my position should be seen.

"Come, come,' said I, 'the future will set this all right. If the tobacco is disagreeable to the lady I will go away.'

"She looked up at me with her face all on fire and wet with tears, like a child that has been scolded.

"At all events,' said she, looking up at the little clock, 'let us talk about something else; and the letter there!'

"When she said this I felt a cold shudder pass over me, and my hair seemed almost to stand on end.

"Good heavens,' said I, 'and I had almost forgotten it! If we had got beyond the first degree of north latitude I should have nothing to do but to jump overboard.'

"I seized hold of the ship's log, and when I saw that we had, at least, a week before us, I was in some degree comforted, but I still felt an undefined fear in my heart.

"There is no joking with the Directory on the score of obedience,' I half-muttered to myself. 'However, I'm all right so far, but the time has slipped away so quickly that I had nearly forgotten all about it.'

"Well, sir, there we stood, all three of us, looking up at the letter as if we expected it to speak to us. What struck me the most was that the sun, which was now shining through the cabin window, lighted up the glass of the clock, and made the great red seal in the centre look

like the features of a face in the middle of a fire.

"One might almost say that its eyes were coming out of its head,' I said, to amuse them.

"Oh,' replied the young wife, 'it looks more like the stains of blood.'

"Bah, bah!' said her husband, taking her by the arm; 'you are frightening yourself, Laura. It looks like an invitation to a wedding. Come along and go to bed. Why should you bother yourself about the letter?'

"They left the cabin and went up on deck, whilst I remained and smoked my pipe, but I could not take my eyes off the great seal, which seemed to have the same power of fascination over me that a serpent is said to possess. At last I tore myself away from it, and went up on deck to finish my pipe. All was going well here, for the 'Marat' had a favorable wind, and was doing her ten knots comfortably within the hour. It was as beautiful a night as I have ever seen in the tropics. The moon was just rising above the horizon, and the calm, white sea seemed to cut her in half, looking like a sheet of snow covered with diamonds. I stood looking at the scene in silence, and the officers and sailors of the watch were gazing over the bulwarks at the shadow of the corvette in the water. I like silence, order, and discipline, and I had forbidden all noise and fires aboard after nine o'clock. Suddenly I saw a little red line almost under my feet, and I was just about to utter an angry exclamation, when I saw that the light came from the cabin of my young prisoners, and wishing to make sure of the fact I stooped down so that I could look through the skylight. The young wife had undressed and was on her knees, saying her prayers by the light of a little lamp, whilst her husband was seated on a portmanteau, with his head between his hands, watching her. Her eyes, turned towards heaven, were still wet with tears, and when she had finished she made the sign of the cross with a smile, as if she were going to paradise. Without saying a word, her husband kissed her, and taking her up in his arms, lifted her into her hammock as if she had been a child. It was a very hot night, and the gentle motion of the ship seemed to soothe her, for after lying still for a few minutes—

"My dear,' said she, more than half-asleep, 'aren't you sleepy? It's getting very late, I'm sure.'

"He remained in the same position

with his head between his hands, and, finding he did not reply, she turned her pretty little head over the edge of the hammock, and looked at him with her mouth half open, and not daring to speak to him. He hesitated for a moment, and then said with an evident effort: 'My dear Laura, the nearer we approach our destination, the more apprehensive I feel. I don't know why, but it seems to me as if the happiest part of our life would prove to be the first part of this voyage.'

"I feel exactly the same," said she; "and I hope we may never get there."

"And yet," he added, clenching his hands together, "my darling, I notice that whenever you say your prayers, you always cry. That worries me terribly, for I know whom you are thinking about, and I fear that you regret having come with me."

"I regret!" said she, in a distressed voice, and starting up. "Regret, too! and to have followed you! I, who am your wife, and who know my duty although I am but seventeen! Why, my mother and my sisters all said it was my duty to go with you to Cayenne. I wonder how you can think such a thing for a moment! How can you regret anything when I am with you to help you while I live, and die with you if you die!"

"The young man heaved a deep sigh, whilst he tenderly kissed the pretty hand and arm she extended to him."

"Laurette, my darling Laurette, when I think that if we had only waited for four days they would have arrested me alone, I cannot forgive myself."

"She leaned over the hammock and stroked his hair with both her hands. She laughed like a child, and said a number of pretty, womanish things to him which I cannot repeat, then shutting his mouth with her little fingers so that he was obliged to listen to her."

"Are you not much better off with your wife, who loves you, my darling? I am quite content to go to Cayenne. I shall see the savages and the cocoanut trees, like Paul and Virginia, and each of us will plant one, and see which will turn out the best gardener. We will work all day, and all night too, if you like; and I am strong, too—look at my arms, I could almost lift you up. Don't laugh at me, for I am a capital needlewoman, and there is sure to be a town where they will want that sort of thing. Besides, I can give lessons in music and drawing, and, if they know how to read out there, you can write for them."

"The poor lad gave a bitter cry when she said this."

"Write, indeed, write!" he said. "Why was I ever taught to write? It's only fit for a fool to do. I believed in their talk about the liberty of the press. I only wrote half-a-dozen lines, which were read by those who liked them, and thrown into the fire by those who disliked them, and only served the purpose of enabling them to persecute us. It was bad enough for me, but for you, my angel, who had been my wife but four days only—what had you done? How could I have been foolish enough to let you come with me? Do you know where you are, my poor little girl, and where you are going? Very soon, my child, you will be sixteen hundred leagues from your mother and sisters, and all for me!"

"She hid her face for a moment in the hammock, and although, situated as I was, I could plainly see she was crying, it was impossible he could do so. Very soon she reappeared with a smile on her face to cheer him up."

"At all events, my darling, we are not over rich just now," she said with a shout of laughter, and holding up her purse. "All I have is a single louis. And how much have you got?"

"He could not resist her winning ways, and laughed like a child."

"Upon my word, I don't know. I had a whole crown piece, but I am afraid I gave it to the porter who carried my portmanteau aboard."

"Never mind, one is never better off than when one has nothing. Besides, there are those diamond rings that my mother gave me, and they would fetch heaps of money. Do you know, too, I think that good-natured captain is pretty well aware what the contents of that letter are, and that we are recommended to the governor of Cayenne."

"Perhaps," said he, "who knows?"

"I am sure of it. You are so good, the government have only exiled you for a short time, and don't really mean to do you any harm."

"It struck me she might have guessed correctly the contents of the sealed letter that had so puzzled me, and jumping up, quite relieved at the idea, I stamped on the deck to call their attention, and shouted out an order to extinguish the lamp. It was blown out at once, and I heard them laughing in the dark like schoolboys on a holiday. As I walked the deck in the cool night air, and thought over this new idea, it seemed to

gather strength, and without trying to dive into State secrets (which I should never have the wit to comprehend) I thought it very likely that one of the five members of the Directory had become captivated with the youth and grace of the young couple, and had thought it desirable to nip petty imprudences in the bud by a punishment which was more apparent than real. When I went down to my cabin to turn in, I looked at the letter in quite a different spirit, and was surprised to find that the great red seal appeared to smile good-naturedly at me. The last thing I remember before going to sleep was bestowing a cheery nod on it, in token of friendship."

CHAPTER III.

"I HAVE always slept with one of my eyes open (as we say aboard ship), and it was not surprising that the sudden cessation of all motion one fine morning, about a week after my interview with the prisoners, sent me on deck at once to see what had happened. It was nothing more nor less than a dead calm, the sea like a sheet of glass, and the sails looking as if they were glued to the masts; and, in answer to my inquiry, the first lieutenant at once informed me that we had reached the first degree north latitude and the twenty-seventh degree of longitude. As the officer read the entry from the log in a monotonous tone, a sharp feeling of dread seemed again to pass through me, as I remembered that the time had now come when the sealed letter must be opened, and all doubt and mystery as to its contents forever cleared up. As I have already said, the Directors never allowed the slightest trifling with their orders, and I had not even the excuse of press of duty during such weather to afford me a loophole for delay. As I paced hurriedly along the deck, I tried to raise my sinking courage by arguing with myself that Laura's interpretation of the mystery *must* be the right one; and as my mind became more firmly impressed with this conviction, I went down to my cabin, and, taking the sealed letter from its place of safety behind the glass door of the clock, I gazed impatiently at the great centre seal. My fingers were under the envelope, and I was about to tear it open, when again a tremor seized me, and I hastily replaced it, muttering to myself that there was no chance of the ship's moving before the evening, and that my duty would therefore allow me to postpone the opening for a few hours. I avoided

the young couple during the day, but the hours seemed to fly like seconds, and the time for the setting of the sun was at last rapidly approaching, which would probably bring with it a breeze from the westward. I dared wait no longer, and rushing hastily into my cabin, and without looking at the seals, tore open the envelope. I read it through, and then I rubbed my eyes for I thought they were deceiving me. I read it again and again, and then I began at the last line and read it backwards. I felt my legs begin to totter under me, and I was obliged to sit down; then a twitching of the muscles of my cheeks commenced as I glared at the letter, and I had to rub them with some rum to put a stop to it. The one word "duty" seemed to burn itself into my brain, and hastily sluicing my head in the water-jug, I went on deck into the fresh air.

"Laura was then looking almost prettier than I had ever seen her, dressed in a fresh white frock, with bare arms, and her splendid hair flowing down her back. She was amusing herself with a hook and line, with which she was trying to catch some of the seaweed that was floating around the ship. She called to her husband to come and help her, and I watched them for a few minutes without speaking; and then as I at last caught his eye, I made him a sign to come and speak to me. Looking up at the moment, she chanced to detect the gesture, and dropping the line she seized her husband by the arm.

"'Don't go near him,' she said. 'Look how pale he is! I am sure there is something wrong.'

"He soon quieted her and came over to me; whilst she, leaning against the mast, watched us, as we paced up and down the poop, without speaking a word. I lighted a cigar and tried to smoke it, but it seemed bitter, and I threw it into the sea and watched it as it floated away. Suddenly I took him by the arm, and as we recommenced our walk I whispered in his ear,—

"'Tell me your story, my friend, and what you've done to these dogs of Directors that seem like five bits of a king. These lawyering fellows have got a pretty strong grudge against you. What's the meaning of it all, and what have you done?'

"He shrugged his shoulders, poor lad, and said with a sort of bitter smile,—

"'Not much, captain, God knows. Three silly couplets, and very bad ones,

in a vaudeville. But they made the people laugh, because they were about the Directory, and that's all!

"Impossible!" said I.

"It's true, I swear to you. The verses were bad enough, as I have said, but I was arrested on the 15th Fructidor and taken to La Force. I was tried on the 16th and condemned to death, and the sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation."

"Good heavens, these lawyers are precious thin-skinned! Do you know, my friend, that letter orders me to shoot you, here?"

"He made no reply, and he took it very well for a young man of only nineteen years of age. He only looked at his wife, and wiped away two or three drops of perspiration that would have fallen from his forehead. I had some on my face too — and other drops in my eyes for the matter of that: I went on."

"It seems these good citizens didn't choose to murder you on dry land, and thought no one would hear much about it if it were done out here. It's an awful affair for me, but I must do my duty. The sentence of death is in perfect form; signed, sealed, and initialed — nothing is wanting."

"He made me a bow, but his face flushed up."

"I have no request to make to you, captain," said he, in almost his usual tone of voice. "I should not like to stand between you and your duty. All I ask is to be allowed to speak to Laura; and I beseech you to protect her so long as she survives me, which I don't think will be very long."

"Be assured of that, my poor fellow. Don't let that trouble you, for I will take her safely home to her family on my return to France, and I will never leave her so long as she wishes to see me. But I believe you are right, and that she will never get over it."

"The poor fellow took both my hands in his and squeezed them warmly."

"My dear old friend, I pity you more for what you have to do, than I do myself for what I have to suffer. I want you to protect her, and watch over her until she is handed over to her mother." Then, in a low voice, he added, "Let me tell you that her health is very delicate, that her chest is affected, and it is necessary she should wrap herself up well at times. I know that you will be all to her that her father and mother could be to her — won't you, now? If it could be arranged that

she should keep the rings her mother gave her, I should be very glad. But, if it turns out that they must be sold, I think you will find that they will fetch a good sum. My poor Laura — how beautiful she is!"

"All this began to be more than I could stand, and although I had hitherto spoken to him in a cheerful way to keep up his spirits I could no longer do so."

"Between brave men there is nothing more to be said. Everything else is understood. Go and speak to her now and let us lose no time."

"I shook hands again with him as I said this, but as he still retained mine in his grasp I looked him straight in the face and added, 'If I might be allowed to give a last word of advice it would be not to say a word of this to her. It shall be arranged without her, or even you, knowing anything about it. That is my business.'"

"Ah! well, yes, perhaps you're right. Farewells are dangerous, very dangerous."

"Yes, yes," said I, "don't be a child, and all will go well. Whatever you do, don't kiss her if you can help it; if you do, you're lost."

"I gave him another grip with my hand and let him go. How hard it all was to bear!"

"It seemed to me, as I watched him, that he kept the secret as we had arranged, for they paced the deck together for more than half an hour, arm in arm, and then they went over to the side of the ship and began fishing up the bits of seaweed with the line she had dropped, and which one of the cabin boys had managed to get hold of again. All of a sudden the night was upon us, as is usual in these latitudes. It was the moment I had selected for the fulfilment of my duty, but its mournful recollection has never since left me for an hour, and I drag it about with me as a convict does a chained shot."

The evident emotion of the old officer when he reached this point in his narrative compelled him to pause, and when he resumed it, after an interval of a few minutes, it was in a somewhat incoherent strain, in which a sort of running commentary was muttered to himself on the changing phases of his story.

"I called up the second lieutenant on to the quarter-deck and gave him his orders. 'Since we are ordered to turn butchers and executioners, launch the first cutter without delay. Put that wom-

an into her, and row straight away from the ship until you hear the report of six muskets; then turn about and return."

Here he muttered to himself, "Obey a mere scrap of paper like that—for that was all it really was! I must have been possessed by some foul fiend. I saw that unhappy young man kneel down and kiss her knees and feet when the sailors approached her, and I ordered them to separate them. Oh, God, I see it all now!"

He stopped short suddenly in front of me.

"I tell you I was like a madman. 'Separate them,' I cried, 'for we are all a set of scoundrels. The Republic is dead. Directors, Directory, they are nothing but vermin. See what these villains of lawyers have forced me to do. If I had but the five wretches here I would shoot them every one. I swear I would as the heavens are above me!' I saw the men staring at me, and evidently thinking I had lost my wits, but what did I care for them or for my life? Not so much as for this rain that is falling on me now."

He turned from me and strode away, muttering to himself and clenching his fists, whilst he occasionally struck the mule with the hilt of his sword as if he meant to kill the poor animal. His face was so convulsed that his bushy eyebrows fairly met; and the weather-beaten hue of his face turned to so deep a crimson that I thought he must have a fit of apoplexy. In his excitement he threw his cloak from off his shoulders, leaving his breast fully exposed to the wind and rain, of which he seemed quite unconscious, and thus we marched along, side by side, until I plainly saw that if I wanted to hear the conclusion of this sorrowful story I must break the silence.

"I can quite understand," said I, as if he had finished his story, "that after such an occurrence as that one holds one's duty in abhorrence."

"Duty, duty! Are you mad? It is not duty at all. No captain of a ship ought to become a butcher, and would never be asked to, except under the government of a set of thieves and assassins, who take advantage of the habit of a poor fool to obey blindly, to obey always, in fact to obey like a machine, and against all his better nature."

Then he drew a red handkerchief from his pocket, and burst into an ungovernable flood of tears, which he made no attempt to control; seeing which, I pre-

tended something was amiss with the girths of my saddle, and drew back behind the little cart, fearing he might feel humiliated if he had me as a spectator of his affliction. I had rightly judged, for in little more than a quarter of an hour he rejoined me, and, with an attempt at indifference, abruptly asked me if I had any razors in my portmanteau, to which I naturally replied that it would be time enough to get them when I had some semblance of a beard. He seemed pleased at the manner in which I had answered him, and, after a short pause, —

"I dare say you've never seen a ship in your life, and don't know the poop from the stern?"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance, and he gave me a long description of each, adding with regard to the former, "It is there a man is placed when he is ordered to be shot."

"I understand," said I; "he tumbles into the sea, and there is no more trouble."

He made no direct answer to this remark, but began talking about the number of boats a corvette generally carries, and their several positions on the deck, and thus he insensibly glided back to the subject which evidently occupied all his thoughts.

"The sailors carried Laura off into a six-oared boat before she had time to cry out or speak to me, but it is astonishing what a set of fools there are in the world who always manage to do what they are ordered in the wrong way. Poor, poor Laura! The officer in command of the boat was actually fool enough to row away straight in front of the ship, and, as for me, I had calculated on the night concealing the work we were about, totally forgetting that the flash of the muskets must naturally light up the scene. Well, to cut it short, from the boat she saw her husband fall, shot dead, into the sea!"

"Our merciful God above alone knows how such things come to pass as I am about to tell you—at least I know that I can't explain them; but the moment the volley was fired, she raised her hand to her forehead as if a bullet had struck her, and there she sat in the boat, without fainting, without screaming, without speaking, and returned to the corvette when and as they willed. I went to meet her, and I spoke a long time to her, and said what I thought was best. Her forehead was a bright red, whilst her face was deadly pale, and she seemed as if she listened to me, and looked me steadily

in the face whilst she slowly rubbed her forehead. She trembled all over as if she were afraid of every one who came near her, and thus she has ever since remained. You may call her what you like, an idiot, an imbecile, or a madwoman, and all I have ever heard her say since is, 'Take the ball away; take it away out of my head.'

"Can you wonder that I have devoted my life to the fulfilment of the promise I made to that poor murdered lad, and that my conscience has ordered me to cherish and take care of poor Laura so long as I am spared on this earth? When I returned to France I claimed my rank in the army, having taken a dislike to the sea, because I had shed innocent blood there; and when the arrangements had been carried out, I obtained leave of absence, and left with Laura for her old home, intending to leave her with her family. Unhappily, I found that her mother was dead; and what do you think her sisters said to me? They proposed to put her in the madhouse at Charenton, and I turned my back on them, and have ever since taken care of her myself."

"Is she inside there, then?" asked I, pointing to the cart.

"Certainly she is; and you may see her if you like," and he called to the mule to stop.

CHAPTER IV.

THE weary mule stopped readily enough, and my companion drew aside the tarpaulin and began to arrange the straw at the bottom of the cart, whilst I looked in and saw a very painful sight. I saw two enormous blue eyes, beautifully shaped, but apparently out of all proportion to the rest of the countenance. The head was perfectly formed and covered with a world of lovely light hair, but the forehead was flushed as he had described, whilst the rest of the face looked like that of a corpse. She was nestled down in the straw, except her knees, upon which she was engaged in playing dominoes. She looked up at us, trembled all over, then smiled faintly at her old protector, and recommenced her game. She seemed as if she was playing with her right hand against her left.

"It is a month and more that she has played that game," the major observed, "and perhaps she will continue to do so for some time longer, and then perhaps she will take up backgammon, or something like it. It is extraordinary, isn't it?" and he replaced the oilskin on his

shako, which the wind and rain had somewhat disarranged.

"Poor Laura," I replied, "you are indeed lost to this world!" and then I held out my hand to her, which she took mechanically, with the ghost of a smile. I observed with astonishment that she had two splendid diamond rings on her fingers, which I at once identified as those of her mother, and wondered how they had been preserved through so many vicissitudes. For the whole world I would not have dared to say this to the major, but he noticed that my eyes were fixed on the trinkets, and said with a certain air of pride, —

"They are fine diamonds, are they not? and would doubtless have fetched their value if necessity had arisen, but I would not allow them to be taken away from the poor child. She cries if any one touches them, and she never takes them off. She never complains, and occasionally she does a little needlework. I have kept my word to her poor little husband, and, to tell you the truth, I don't repent my promise. I have never left her, and I tell every one that she is my daughter, and is mad. That sort of thing is respected in the army, and is more easily arranged than you people in Paris would think possible. She has been through all the wars of the empire with me, and I have always managed to get her safely through them. With plenty of straw and this little carriage, it was easier than you would imagine; and as I was a major on full pay, with a pension as an officer of the Legion of Honor, and the gratuities Napoleon gave his soldiers, I have never been pushed for money. There isn't a man in the 7th Lights, officer or man, who doesn't know poor Laura, and love her."

Then he touched her lightly on her shoulder and said, —

"Now, my child, say a word to the lieutenant who is standing there. Just a little nod of your head."

She looked vacantly at me, and betook herself again to her dominoes.

"Ah!" said he, "she's a little put out to-day because of the rain. Luckily she never catches cold, and they say mad people are never ill. At the Beresina, and throughout the retreat from Moscow, she always went bareheaded. Go on, my child, play away, and don't trouble yourself about us. Do just as you like, Laurette."

She took the hand he had laid on her shoulder, a black, wrinkled hand, and lifted it timidly to her lips and kissed it

like a slave. It made my heart ache to see it, and I called out immediately,—

"Come, major, let us get on, or the night will be upon us before we reach Béthune."

He carefully scraped the yellow mud off his boots with the end of the scabbard of his sabre; then he got upon the foot-board of the cart, and drew the hood of the cloak over the girl's head, and, taking a black silk handkerchief from his neck, tied it around her. He then replaced the tarpaulin, started the mule, and with the customary hitch of his shoulder we resumed the march. The rain fell heavily, the sky was dark and threatening, and the weary road stretched away before us in a never-ending line, and even the frightful windmills which studded the country seemed unable to move under the universal depression. We fell into silence, and I watched the old officer as he strode along with undiminished energy, when the mule appeared nearly done up, and even my horse began to show symptoms of fatigue. Every now and then the brave old fellow took off his shako to wipe the perspiration from his brow or the rain from his thin grey hair, from his white moustaches, or his thick eyebrows. He did not seem to trouble himself in the least with the effect his story might have had upon me, and he had plainly sought to make it neither better nor worse than the reality, but after some time he fell back alongside of me again, and began an interminable story of a campaign he had once gone through with Marshal Massena in Spain, in which his regiment, formed in square, had beaten off three successive charges of cavalry. I could not listen to it, although he entered into a long disquisition to prove the superiority of infantry over cavalry. At last the night came down upon us, the mud became thicker and deeper, and not a hovel of even the humblest kind was to be seen near the road. We stopped at last under a dead tree, the only one near the high-road, and he at once began to tend his mule, and I did what I could for my horse. Then he looked into the cart as tenderly as a mother looks into the cradle of her infant, and I heard him say, "There, my child, put that mat round your feet and try to go to sleep."

Turning to me, he added, "That's all right. She hasn't had a drop of rain inside," and then placing some straw under the cart we crawled on to it to get out of the rain, and he produced a loaf of bread, which he shared between us.

"I'm sorry I can't give you anything better for supper, but it is not so bad as the steak of horse, cooked with powder instead of salt, that we had to eat in Russia. I always manage to have something a little better for her, and she likes to have her meals by herself; for she can't bear a man to come near her since that affair of the letter."

As he finished speaking we heard her sigh and say, "Take away the bullet; take the bullet out of my head."

I started up, but he made me sit down again. "Sit still, sit still," said he, "that's nothing. She has said that all her life, for she always believes she feels the bullet in her brain. It is the only sign she ever gives of all the suffering she has gone through; and a dear, sweet creature she is."

I listened sadly to this without speaking, and then I calculated that no less than eighteen years had elapsed since 1797, during all which period this drama had been daily enacted, and I mused on the character of the man seated beside me. At last I could stand it no longer, and turning suddenly to him, and seizing his hand, I shook it warmly.

"You're a downright worthy fellow," said I.

"And why?" replied he, with an astonished air. "You mean because of the poor girl there? Don't you see it is my duty!" Then he went off into another story about Massena. The next morning early we reached the little ugly town of Béthune, where everything was in the greatest confusion, for "boot and saddle" had just been sounded, and the inhabitants were already beginning to stow away the white flag to make room for the tricolor. Drums were beating the assembly, the Cent-Gardes were mustering, the squadrons of the mounted body-guard were forming around the carriage of the princes, and the streets were filled with the soldiery and the baggage wagons. The sight of my own regiment made me forget my old companion on the march, and joining my squadron I lost sight of his little cart in the crowd. Alas! I never saw him again.

Often and often had I wondered what had become of him, but I had stupidly forgotten to ask his name, and such inquiries as I could make had not resulted in obtaining any information about him. One day, however—I think it was in 1825—when I happened to be describing him to an old captain of infantry, I proved to be more fortunate.

"I remember him well," said he. "He was a grand old fellow; but a bullet at Waterloo tumbled him over. He had left a little cart among the baggage wagons with a sort of madwoman in it, and when we retreated through Amiens, to join the army on the Loire, we left her there. I heard afterwards that she died in three days, raving mad."

"He did his duty, then, to the last," I replied. "When we answer to the final roll-call, I hope we may be able to give as good an account of ourselves as he will."

"Amen," murmured my friend.

From The Contemporary Review.

ON THE UTILITY TO FLOWERS OF THEIR BEAUTY.

THE question which I propose to consider in this paper is how far the beauty of blossoms can be accounted for by the utility of this beauty to the plant producing them. It is manifestly only one particular case of a larger inquiry whether the beauty which nature exhibits can be accounted for by its utility.

These questions connect themselves with some of the highest points of the philosophy of the universe. Is the system of the universe intellectual, or is it purely material? Is there an ordering mind, or is there merely blind and struggling matter? Are there final causes as well as material causes, or are there material causes only?

These questions have been asked and answered in opposite senses, from the first dawn of philosophy to the present hour; and during all that period of time the battle has been raging—and has spread, too, over the whole realm of nature. Scarcely any branch of natural science exists which has not furnished materials for at least a skirmish; so that it requires an experienced and impartial eye to be able rightly to understand the true fortunes of the contest over the whole field of battle. True it is, that for every man the question between the two theories has to be decided by somewhat simpler considerations than any such survey. Something in every man seems inevitably to determine him towards either the intellectual or the material theory of things.

The existence of beauty in the world is a very remarkable fact. On the theory of a divine and beneficent Creator, this fact has seemed no difficulty; but the theory of a mere blind fermentation of matter

gives no account of it, except as a mere accident, which, on the doctrine of chances, should be perhaps a very rare and unusual accident. Hence the existence of beauty has from of old been a favorite theme of the theistic believers. "Let them know how much better the Lord of them is," says the author of the Wisdom of Solomon, speaking of the works of nature, "for the first Author of beauty hath created them . . . for by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the Maker of them is seen."* The same familiar view has lately been presented by the Duke of Argyll in his "Reign of Law:"†—

It would be to doubt the evidence of our senses and of our reason, or else to assume hypotheses of which there is no proof whatever, if we were to doubt that mere ornament, mere variety, are as much an end and aim in the workshop of Nature as they are known to be in the workshop of the goldsmith and the jeweller. Why should they not? The love and desire of these is universal in the mind of man. It is seen not more distinctly in the highest forms of civilized art than in the habits of the rudest savage, who covers with elaborate carving the handle of his war-club or the prow of his canoe. Is it likely that this universal aim and purpose of the mind of man should be wholly without relation to the aims and purposes of his Creator? He that formed the eye to see beauty, shall he not see it? He that gave the human hand its cunning to work for beauty, shall his hand never work for it? How, then, shall we account for all the beauty of the world—for the careful provision made for it where it is only the secondary object, not the first?

But even if beauty be always associated with utility and have in fact been brought about by its utility, it may nevertheless have been an object in the mind of a divine artificer, who may have been minded to use the one as a means and end to the other. We may therefore, I think, approach the subject with a perfect freedom from any theological bias.

The whole subject will, I believe, be felt by some persons to be a piece of moonshine,—the whole discussion fit for cloudland, not for this practical, solid world of ours.

Beauty, such persons would say, is not a real thing, an objective fact: it is a part of man, not of the world—it is in him who sees, not in the thing seen: it is seen by one man in one thing—by another man in another.

* Wisdom, xiii. 3-5.

† P. 200.

To this it seems a sufficient answer to say that the relation of any one external thing to any one mind which produces the peculiar condition which we call the perception of beauty, is a fact, and, like every other single fact, must have an adequate cause. But when we find that there are forms of beauty, such as the beauty of sunlight, which operate alike on all men, and, it would seem, on all sensitive beings—when we find that the brilliant flowers which attract the child in the field or the lady in the drawing room, attract the insect tribes—we feel ourselves in the presence of a great body of persistent relations, which it is impossible to pass over as unreal or as unimportant.

But, again, there is ugliness in the world; and one ugly thing, it is suggested, destroys all your deductions from beauty. This, no doubt, is a very important fact for any one to grapple with who proposes to give any theoretical explanation of the presence of beauty in the universe; but for me, who am only inquiring whether and how far beauty is useful, it is not really material, because there can be no doubt that beauty, as well as ugliness, exists in the world. This much I will say in passing, that, to my mind, the balance of things is in favor of beauty and against ugliness—the tendency is in favor of beauty, not ugliness, and that tendency may be a very important thing to think of.

Furthermore, the fact that we recognize ugliness seems to make our recognition of beauty more important; for it shows that the perception of beauty is not mere habit, and that we have an inward and independent judgment on the matter—we are able to approve the one thing on the score of beauty, and to reject the other as ugly.

Even allowing fully for the existence of ugliness, it must be conceded that the world around us presents a vast mass of beauty—complex, diverse, commingled, and not easily admitting of analysis. It is common alike to the organic and the inorganic realms of nature. The pageants of the sky at morning, noon, and night, the forms of the trees, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the hills, the awful sublimity of the stars—these, and a thousand things in nature, fill the soul with a sense of beauty, which the art neither of the poet, nor of the philosopher, nor of the painter can come near to depict. We are moved and overcome, sometimes by this object of beauty, sometimes by that,

but yet more by the complex mass of glory in the universe.

For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune;
Whether she work on land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And ripples in rhyme the oar forsake.

As yet no attempt has been made to show the utility of this promiscuous and multitudinous crowd of beauties—and it seems not likely that such an attempt can yet be made with success: and the phenomena of nature are therefore likely for a long time to come to impress most men with the sense of beauty for beauty's sake. But in respect of certain particular and separable instances, the attempt has recently been made to show that the beauty exhibited is useful to the structure exhibiting it, and consequently that it may be accounted for by the strictly utilitarian principle of the survival of the fittest,—one instance in which this has been most notably attempted being in respect of the beauty of flowers. Let us consider how far beauty can thus be accounted for in this particular case.

There will be a great advantage in this course; for beauty is a thing about which it is not very easy to argue: it is too subtle, too evanescent, too disputable, to afford an easy material for the logical or scientific crucible; and these difficulties we shall best surmount by in the first place isolating certain beautiful things for our consideration, and limiting to them our inquiry into how far each of the rival theories is sufficient to explain their existence. We shall thus try to narrow the great controversy to very definite and distinct issues.

Flowers [says Mr. Darwin]* rank amongst the most beautiful productions of nature, and they have become, through natural selection, beautiful, or rather conspicuous in contrast with the greenness of the leaves, that they might be easily observed and visited by insects, so that their fertilization might be favored. I have come to this conclusion, from finding it an invariable rule that when a flower is fertilized by the wind it never has a gaily-colored corolla. Again, several plants habitually produce two kinds of flowers: one kind open and colored, so as to attract insects; the other closed and not colored, destitute of nectar, and never visited by insects. We may safely conclude that, if insects had never existed on the face of the earth, the vegetation would not

* *Origin of Species*, (4th ed.), p. 239.

have been decked with beautiful flowers, but would have produced only such poor flowers as are now borne by our firs, oaks, nut and ash trees, by the grasses, by spinach, docks, and nettles.

No one can doubt who watches a meadow on a summer's day that insects are attracted by the scent and the color of the flowers. The whole field is busy with their jubilant hum. These little creatures have the same sense of beauty that we have. What room there is for thought in that fact! There is a subtle bond of mental union between ourselves and the creatures whom we so often despise. There is a joy widespread and multiplied beyond our highest calculation. What a deadly blow to that egotism of man which thinks of all beauty as made for him alone!

But I return to the argument. We have presented to our notice three kinds of attraction which operate upon insects — the conspicuousness of color and form, the beauty of the smell, and the pleasant taste of the honey. No one, as I have said, who watches a meadow or a garden on a summer's day can for a moment doubt the operation of these causes, or question the direct action of insects in producing the fertilization of flowers. In that sense the beauty of a flower is clearly of direct use to the flower which exhibits it. It is better for it that it should be fertilized by insects than not fertilized at all; but is it better to be fertilized by insects than by the wind, or by some other agency, if such exist?

This shall be the subject of inquiry. But before we can answer it, we must go a little afield and collect some other of the facts of the case.

The conclusion that beauty is useful for the fertilization of the flower does not rest merely on the general phenomena of a summer meadow. It is confirmed by many other observations. Flowers are not merely attractive in themselves; they are frequently rendered attractive by their grouping. Sometimes flowers individually small are gathered into heads, or spikes, or bunches, or umbels, and so produce a more conspicuous effect than would result from a more equal distribution of the flowers; sometimes yet more minute flowers or florets are gathered together into what appears a single flower, and often have the outer florets so modified both in shape and color as to produce the general effect of one very brilliant blossom, as in the daisy or the marigold.

Sometimes the same result is produced by "the massing of small flowers into

dense cushions of bright color."* This, as is well known, is of common occurrence with Alpine flowers; and this mode of growth, as well as the great size of many Alpine blossoms as compared with that of the whole plant, and the great brilliance of Alpine plants as compared with their congeners of the lowlands, have all been explained by reference to the comparative rarity of insects in the Alpine heights, and the consequent necessity, if the plants are to survive, that they should offer strong attractions to their needful friends.† A similar explanation has been offered for the brilliant colors of Arctic flowers.‡

Furthermore, this curious fact exists, that of flowering plants a large number do not ripen or put forward their pistils and stamens at the same period of their growth: in some cases the pistil is ready to receive the pollen whilst the anthers are immature and not ready to supply it: such are called *proterogynous*. In other cases the anthers are ripe before the pistil is ready to receive the pollen: these are *proterandrous*. In either case the same event happens — that the ovules can never be fertilized by the pollen of the same blossom, nor without some foreign agency, generally that of insects.

Lastly, there is a large number of plants, including a great proportion of those with unsymmetrical blossoms, of which the flowers have been shown to be specially adapted by various mechanical contrivances for insect agency. Nothing, as is well known, is more marvellous than the variety and subtlety of the arrangements for the purpose which exist in orchidaceous plants, as explained by the patience and genius of Mr. Darwin.

In view of these facts it would be impossible to deny that conspicuousness is one of the agencies in force for the fertilization of flowers; that, to use the recent language of Mr. Darwin, "flowers are not only delightful for their beauty and fragrance, but display most wonderful adaptations for various purposes." §

So far we have considered the evidence which is affirmative, and in favor of the explanation of the existence of beauty in flowers; we have found clearly that beauty, or rather conspicuousness, is in many cases useful to the plant. But beauty is by no means the only agency in

* Wallace, *Tropical Nature*, p. 232.

† *Ibid.* p. 232.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 237.

§ *Flowers and their Unbidden Guests*, by Kerner, translated by Ogle. Prefatory letter.

this necessary process. On the contrary, the agencies actually in operation are very numerous.

As Mr. Darwin points out in the passage I have cited, and still more at large in his work "On the Different Forms of Flowers," a large proportion of existing plants are fertilized by the action of the wind; and again, many plants bear two kinds of flowers, the one conspicuous and attractive to insects, the other inconspicuous and which never open to admit the activity either of insects or of the wind. Moreover, there are various other agencies called into play. Some plants, such as the *Hypericum perforatum*, one of the commonest of the St. John's worts, and probably the bindweed, are, it seems, fertilized by the withering of the corolla, which naturally brings the stamens into contact with the style, and so transfers the pollen grains from the one to the other.* Other plants, again, such as the common centaury (*Erythraea centaurium*) and the *Chlora perfoliata*, are fertilized by the closing of the corolla over the anthers and stigma, not in the death but in the sleep of the plant.† In the brilliant autumnal *Colchicum* and in the *Sternbergia*, again, according to Dr. Kerner, nature has recourse to a more complex machinery: the corolla first closes over the anthers, which are at a lower level than the stigma, and takes off some of the pollen; a growth of the corolla carries the pollen dust to the level of the stigma, and a second closing of the corolla transfers the pollen to the stigmatic surface. The pollen has been made to ascend to its proper place by an arrangement which reminds one of the man-engine of a Cornish mine.‡ A similar arrangement is described as occurring in the bright-flowered *Pedicularis*.§

Let us take another group of beautiful flowers which adorn our greenhouses and our tables: I mean the *Asclepiadeæ*, to which the *Stephanotis* and the *Hoya* belong. The former is distinguished by the beauty of its scent as well as of its flowers. Both present flowers not merely conspicuous in themselves from their size, form, and color, but conspicuous

also by reason of their grouping. Here, if anywhere, we should expect that beauty should justify itself by its utility. But the facts appear to be just the other way. The pollen is collected together into waxy masses, which are arranged in a very peculiar manner on the pistil; and the pollen tubes pass from the pollen grains whilst still enclosed within the anthers, and so bring about fertilization without the intervention of insect agency. It is difficult to suppose the *Asclepiadeæ* can have become beautiful for the sake of an agency of which they never avail themselves.

Our common fumitory has not very conspicuous flowers, but still they have considerable attractiveness of form and still more of color, due both to the individual blossom and to their grouping together; and yet *Fumaria* is said to be self-fertile.*

A much more brilliantly colored member of the same family is the *Dicentra* (*Diclytra*) *spectabilis*, so familiar in our gardens. Any one who examines the flowers of this species will continually find the pollen grains transferred to the stigma without the slightest trace of the flower ever having opened so as to allow of insect agency. Dr. Lindley† has given an account of the mechanism for self-fertilization; and this flower has recently been the subject of an elaborate study by the German botanist, Hildebrand,‡ and he concurs in the view that the anthers inevitably communicate their pollen to the pistil, and that as the result of a very complicated and subtle arrangement of the parts, which it would be useless to attempt to describe without diagrams. But he believes that in addition to the arrangements for self-fertilization, another arrangement exists for producing cross-fertilization by insects; but as the plant has never produced seed under his observation, he is unable to tell whether one mode of fertilization is more useful than the other. I think the evidence of the self-fertilization is far clearer than that of the cross-fertilization.

Now, if the *Dicentra* has become beautiful in order to attract insects, it must have done so through a long series of developments, for its adaptation to their agency is of the most complex kind. It

* Henslow, "On Self-Fertilization." Trans. Linn. Society, 2nd series, "Botany," i., p. 325. Query: Is not this the case with the *Tacsonia* of our greenhouses?

† Henslow, *ubi sup.* 329.

‡ Kerner, p. 11. These statements appear to me, though made by a very accomplished observer, to require verification. My own observations on the *Colchicum* (which have been only very imperfect) would have led me to incline to a different conclusion.

§ Kerner, p. 12.

* Lubbock's "Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects," p. 56.

† Lindley, Veg. King. 436.

‡ "Ueber die Bestäubungsapparate bei den *Fumariaceen*," in Pringsheim's *Jahrbuch*, vol. vii. part iv., p. 423. 1870.

is difficult to suppose either that, side by side with this development for cross-fertilization, there has been also developed another complex arrangement for self-fertilization, or that an earlier complex arrangement for self-fertilization should have survived through the changes necessary to render the flower fit for insect fertilization. The co-existence in one organism of two complex schemes for different objects, and the interlacing of those two schemes in one beautiful flower (which, if Hildebrand be right, occurs in the *Dicentra*), seem to be things very improbable if the beautiful flower has become what it is in the pursuit of one only of those objects. These speculations may be premature as regards the particular flower; but the co-existence of two modes of fertilization is not peculiar to *Dicentra*, and seems to furnish material for important reflection.

Yet one more plant must be considered. The *Loasa aurantiaca* is a creeper which grows freely in our gardens, and has large and brilliantly-colored scarlet flowers turned up with yellow. Its seeds set freely in cultivation. The means by which fertilization is effected are — unless my observations have misled me — very peculiar. When the flower first unfolds, the numerous stamens are found collected together in bundles in depressions or folds of the petals; after a while the anthers begin to move, and one after the other the stamens pass upwards from their nests in the petals, and gather in a thick group round the style; subsequently a downward and backward movement begins, which brings the anthers against the pistils, and restores the stamens nearly to their old position, but with exhausted and faded anthers. I have never seen any insects at work on the flowers, and yet I find the plant to be a free seeder.

So long ago as 1840 M. Fromond enumerated several conspicuous flowers in which, according to his observations, fertilization was effected without the agency of either the wind or insects.* And much more recently an American writer, Mr. Meehan, has given a list of eleven genera, amongst others, in which he has observed the pistils covered with the pollen of the plant before the flower has opened, and in the one case which he submitted to the microscope, it was found that the pollen tubes were descending

through the pistil towards the ovarium.* Amongst the genera he names were *Westaria*, *Lathyras*, *Ballota*, *Circes Genista*, *Pisum*, and *Linaria*.

The instances which I have given are mostly from plants familiar in our fields, our gardens, or our greenhouses. They are, I think, sufficient to make us pause before we conclude that all conspicuous flowers are fertilized by insect agency. It may be that Bacon's warning to attend as carefully to negative as to affirmative instances had been a little forgotten. Moreover, these instances seem to show that it would be a great error to suppose that all flowers are fertilized either by insects or by the wind; and it is probable that the more the subject is considered the more complex will the arrangements for fertilization be found to be.

The agencies to which I have last referred exist, it will be observed, in beautiful and conspicuous flowers; and yet act independently of that beauty and that conspicuousness; so that in each instance these facts are, on the utilitarian theory, unexplained and residual phenomena. They, therefore, demand earnest inquiry. For the existence of a single residual phenomenon is notice to the inquirer that he has not got to the bottom of his subject; that his theory is either not the truth or not the whole truth.

Do the facts justify us in concluding that insect fertilization is more beneficial to the plant than fertilization by the wind or any other agency? Do they afford any sufficient cause for that change from the one mode of fertilization to the other which has been suggested? The facts bearing on these questions are very remarkable; for, as we have already seen, many plants produce two kinds of blossom, the one conspicuous and the other inconspicuous; the one visited by insects, the other self-fertilizing. Recent observation shows that these cleistogamous flowers, as they are called, are present in a great variety of plants.† In the violet they are found to exist, being seen in the summer and autumn, when all the more brilliant flowers have gone. The one flower has everything in its favor — honey and a beauty of color and of smell that has passed into a proverb — and it

* Meehan, On Fertilization by Insect Agency. *Gardeners' Chronicle*, 11 Sept. 1875.

† For the whole subject of these most curious flowers, see Mr. Darwin's book "On the Different Forms of Flowers;" Rev. G. Henslow, Tr. Linn. Society, "Botany," vol. i., p. 317; Mr. Bennett, Journal of Linn. Society, "Botany," xiii., p. 147, xvii., p. 269.

* Link, Report on Progress of Botany during 1814, translated by Lankester (Ray Society, 1845), p. 65.

opens its blue wings to the visits of the insect tribe in the season of their utmost jollity and life. The other has everything against it: it is inconspicuous, scentless, ugly, and closed. And yet, which succeeds the better? which produces the more seed? The cleistogamous, and not the brilliant flowers; the victory is with ugliness, and not with beauty.

The same is true of the *Impatiens fulva*. This is an American plant, closely akin to the balsam of our gardens, which has now thoroughly established itself on the banks of some of our rivers, as the Wey, and the tributary stream that runs through Abinger and Shere. It has attractive flowers hung on the daintiest flower-stalks. It has also little green flowers that never open and almost escape attention; and yet they, and not the large flowers, are the great source of seed vessels to the plant—the great security that the life of the race will be continued.* Again, ugliness has borne away the palm of utility from beauty.

So, too, in America the same happens with the *Specularia perfoliata*: in shady situations all its flowers are said to be cleistogamous, and to be wonderfully productive and strong.†

The conditions of the problem in these cases are such as to make them of the last importance in our inquiry into the utility of beauty; for in each case we are comparing a conspicuous and an inconspicuous flower in the very same plant. The conditions seem to exclude the possibility of error in the result.

Two explanations have been suggested of the origin of these cleistogamous flowers: according to the one, they are the earliest form of the flowers; according to the other view, they are degraded forms of the more beautiful flowers.‡ For our purpose it is immaterial whether of the two explanations is correct; for either the development of beauty has diminished the utility of the flower, or the loss of beauty has increased the utility: in either event, utility and beauty are dissociated the one from the other.

Another experiment nature presents us with, in which the conditions are nearly, if not quite, as vigorously exclusive of error. The vast majority of orchidaceous plants are, as already mentioned, dependent on

insect agency for fertilization, and present a marvellous variety of contrivances for effecting cross-fertilization through their activity. But one of our orchids (the bee orchis) is self-fertilized. I hardly know anything in vegetable life more striking or beautiful than to see its delicate pollinaria at a certain stage of its inflorescence descending on to the stigmatic surface and so yielding their pollen grains to the fertilization of their own blossom; and yet the bee orchis has been found by observers to be as free a seeder as any of its tribe. Here the beauty and conspicuousness of the blossom, which are very great, are, as far as can be seen, useless; the plant gains nothing by the attractiveness which it offers, and the coloring and ornamentation of the blossom are, on the theory of utility, residual phenomena.

It is difficult to imagine that the change from wind or self-fertilization can, so to speak, commend itself to the flower on the score either of economy or success. If the anemophilous blossom must produce somewhat more pollen than the entomophilous, it saves the great expenditure of material and vital force requisite for the production of the large and conspicuous corolla. The one is fertilized by every wind that blows; the other, especially in the case of highly specialized flowers like the orchids, may be incapable of fertilization except by a very few insects. The celebrated Madagascar orchid *Angraecum* can be fertilized, it is said, only by a moth with a proboscis from ten to fourteen inches long—a moth so rare or local that it is as yet known to naturalists only by prophecy. It is difficult to suppose that it would be beneficial for the plant's chance of survival to exchange as the fertilizing agent the universal wind for this most localized insect.

And here another line of evidence comes in and demands consideration. The face of nature, as we now see it, has not been always exhibited by the world. The flora, like the fauna, of the world has changed: how has it changed as regards the beauty of the flowers? Does it give any testimony to that *becoming* beautiful of the flowers of plants to which Mr. Darwin refers? The answer is not a very certain one, by reason of the imperfection of the geological record, of the probability that beautiful plants, if they had existed, and had been of a delicate structure, would have perished and left no trace behind. But so far as an answer can be given, it is in favor of the increase of floral beauty in the vegetable world. The

* Bennett, Journal of Linn. Society, "Botany," xiii., p. 147.

† Meehan, "On Fertilization," *ubi supra*.

‡ Mr. Bennett, "On Cleistogamous Flowers," Linn. Society's Journal, "Botany," xvii. p. 278, has shown that the latter is probably the correct view.

earliest flower known (the *Pothocites Grantonii*) occurs in the coal measures; its flowers cannot have been other than inconspicuous in themselves, though it is possible that by grouping they were made more attractive to the eye; in the period of the growth of the coal, when this plant lived, the vast forests seem principally to have been composed of trees without conspicuous blossoms, huge club mosses and marestails, and many conifers; in the earlier periods of this earth we have no trace of conspicuous blossom, and it is not till the upper chalk that the oaks and myrtles and *Proteaceæ* appear as denizens of the forests. In like manner, if we refer to the appearance of insects on the earth, we have no clear trace in very early strata of those classes of insects which now do the principal work of fertilization for our conspicuous flowers. In the coal measures there have been found insects of the scorpion, beetle, cockroach, grasshopper, ant, and neuropterous families; but of a butterfly or moth there is only evidence of great doubt. It seems probable, then, and one cannot say more, that with the progress of the ages, flowers, as a whole, have become more conspicuous and attractive. But if we inquire whether the dull flowers of one era have grown into the conspicuous flowers of another, the answer is negative. The conifers of the coal age were anemophilous then, and are anemophilous still; they show no symptom of becoming more conspicuous; the same is true of the oaks of the chalk period, and of all other inconspicuous plants. The difference between conspicuous and inconspicuous flowers appears a permanent one; and the page of geology gives no evidence in favor of the supposed change.

Another observation must yet be made. Comparing flowers fertilized by insects and by the wind, it has never, so far as I can learn, been observed that the former are more certain of being set or more prolific than the latter; and, as already shown, the inconspicuous flowers are often more fertile than the conspicuous ones. What motive would there be, then, for the inconspicuous flowers of the early geologic periods to convert themselves into the brilliant corollas of our day?

Carefully considered, the passage which I have cited from Mr. Darwin does not account for the beauty of the flowers of plants at all; it accounts only for their conspicuousness, as the writer himself points out; and the two things are so

different, that to account for the one is not even to tend to account for the other. If any one will consider the beauty of every inflorescence, whether conspicuous or not — a beauty which the microscope always makes apparent where the unaided eye fails to perceive it; or, again, the easily perceived beauty of many inconspicuous plants; or, lastly, the beauty of many conspicuous plants which does not tend to their conspicuousness — he will see how true this is.

For in many conspicuous flowers there are delicate pencillings and markings which certainly do not tend to make them such, but which nevertheless add greatly to their beauty, as we perceive it. In the regularly-shaped flowers these markings often start from the centre of the blossom like radii, and they may be conceived as guiding the insects to the central store of honey. Such guidance can hardly be needful, as the shape of the flower itself generally does all, and more than all, that the markings can do in the way of guidance. But it is by no means true that all the markings lead to the centre of the flower: many are transverse; many are marginal; some are by way of spot.

Again, take the irregularly-shaped flowers, which are supposed to be the exclusive subjects of insect fertilization; how infinite are the beauties of the flower over and above those which make it conspicuous, or can assist to guide the insect. Take the orchids, for example: the labellum is generally the landing-place of the insect visitors; but the other flower-leaves are almost always the subjects of a vast display of delicate beauty which cannot be accounted for by the necessity of conspicuousness or guidance. All this beauty is, on the theory in question, an unexplained fact.

But, again, take the grasses, which depend for fertilization exclusively on the wind, and have no need to woo the visits of the insects. The beauty of the markings of the inflorescence of many of the grasses is very great, though far from conspicuous: take the delicately banded flowers of our quaking grasses; take the rich crimson of the foxtails; take the brilliant yellow of the Canary *Phalaris*; and it is impossible to refuse the attribute of beauty in color to the wind-loving grasses. And all this beauty is unexplained on the theory in question.

It is impossible to speak of the grasses and not to have the mind recalled to the beauty that resides in form as contrasted

with color. Elegance, grace of form, characterizes most (but not all) plants, whether fertilized by the wind or by insects; and yet this grace, in many cases, perhaps in most, adds nothing to their conspicuousness. It is, on the theory in question, a piece of idle beauty; and yet it is all-pervading—a persistent, though not universal, characteristic of the vegetable world.

But to revert to conspicuousness. It is not true to say that all self-fertilized plants have inconspicuous flowers. I have adduced the *Stephanotis* and *Hoya* on this point. Nor is it true to say that all anemophilous flowers are inconspicuous as compared with the green of their leaves. The large but delicate yellow groups of the male flowers of the Scotch pine (not to travel beyond very familiar plants) are very conspicuous in the early summer—much more so, to my eye at least, than many flowers which are supposed to stake their life on attraction by being conspicuous. Hermann Müller has observed on this same fact, and considers it to be clear that the display of color can be of no use to the plant, and must therefore be regarded as “a merely accidental phenomenon,”*—*i.e.*, a phenomenon not accounted for by utility.

The crimson flowers of the larch, again, are certainly very conspicuous as well as beautiful on the yet leafless boughs; and yet they owe nothing to insects.

One other remark must be made on this passage from Mr. Darwin which has formed my text. It does not pretend to account for the production of beauty or even of conspicuousness. It only seeks to account for the accumulation of that quality in certain plants, and its comparative absence in others. The tendency in nature to produce beauty is a postulate in Mr. Darwin's theory.

The beauty of mountain blossoms has been referred to as supporting the utility of beauty: it is not perfectly clear that even this can be accounted for merely by the need of attracting insects. It is said by the American writer to whom I have already referred, Mr. Meehan, that the flowers of the Rocky Mountains are beautifully colored, produce as much seed as similar ones elsewhere, and yet that there is a remarkable scarcity of insect life—so great, I understand him to mean, as to render it highly improbable that the races of the flowers can be perpetuated by insect agency.

We have hitherto, according to promise, been considering the beauty of flowers as detached from all surrounding facts, and isolated from all other parts of the plant. But, in fact, this beauty of the inflorescence of plants is only one phenomenon of a much larger class. The petals and sepals are only leaves; and it is difficult to argue about the character of the flower-leaves and omit from thought the stalk and root leaves; and these leaves continually possess a wealth of beauty both of form and color for which no intelligible utility has ever been suggested. The use made of conspicuous leaves in the modern style of bedding-out and the cultivation in hot-houses of what are called foliage plants, will recall this to every one. In many cases the stems of plants, often the veins of the leaves, and often the backs of the leaves, are the homes of distinct and beautiful coloring, for which, so far as I know, no account can be given on the score of use. To enlarge our view yet a little more, the brilliant colors of the fungi and of the lichens, mosses, and seaweeds, and, lastly, the outburst of varied colors in the autumn—the crimson of the bramble, the browns of the oaks, the red of the maple, the gold of the elm, “the sunshine of the withering fern,”—all these present themselves to us as so closely akin to the painted beauty of flowers that we cannot think of the one without the other; and we may well hesitate to accept as satisfactory a theory which can offer no explanation of phenomena so closely akin to those of flowers, except, forsooth, that they are merely accidental. Once again, to widen the range of our mental vision, the beauty of the vegetable world is but a part of that great and complex mass of beauty from which we agreed to segregate it; and viewed as part of that, it must have the same explanation applied to it as the other beautiful phenomena of the world.

It is worth while to remember that beauty is no outcome of a long period of evolution; it is no late event in the geologic history of the world. The lowest forms of organic life no less than the highest are clad in beauty. Many beings that are “simple structureless protoplasm”—to use the language of Professor Allman as president of the British Association this year—“fashion for themselves an outer membranous or calcareous case, often of symmetrical form and elaborate ornamentation, or construct a silicious skeleton of radiating spicula

* *Nature*, ix. 461.

or crystal-clear concentric spheres of exquisite symmetry and beauty."*

So, too, in the Silurian period, the corals and other marine structures were, no doubt, endowed with every grace which could please the eye of man, if he had been there. Beauty is the invariable companion of nature. It is difficult, therefore, to account for it as a result of evolution; and, as for the theory that it was made for man's delectation only, a single diatom or a single fossil from a Silurian bed is enough to put the whole vain egotism to flight.

What are the results fairly deducible from these observations? They seem to be the following:—

1. That conspicuousness is a step towards fertilization in one mode, and might, therefore, well be used by an artist loving at once beauty and fertility.

2. That there is no such preponderating advantage in beauty as should convert the ugly anemophilous flowers into the brilliant entomophilous flowers.

3. That in an infinite number of cases beauty exists, but without any relation to the mode of fertilization.

4. That it is maintained in many cases where the uglier and less beautiful plant is more useful, as in the case of the violet.

5. That even where conspicuousness is useful, it furnishes no complete account of the whole beauty of the flower.

Let us apply these facts to the two rival theories. If, on the one hand, nothing has become beautiful but through the utility of beauty, beauty will be found where it is useful and nowhere else. But we have found beauty without finding utility; so that theory, on our present knowledge, is inadmissible.

If, on the other hand, there be an artificer in nature who loves at once utility and beauty, he may use the one sometimes as a mean to the other, or he may use beauty without utility; and the presence of beauty without utility is intelligible.

And here I conclude. I see in nature both utility and beauty; but I am not convinced that the one is solely dependent on the other. I find a grace and a glory (even in the flowers of plants) which, on the utilitarian theory, is not accounted for, is a residual phenomenon; and that in such enormous proportions that the phenomenon explained bears no perceptible proportion to the phenomenon left

unexplained. Whether this be so or not, it appears to me, for the reasons I have already given, that we may still entertain the same notions about the beauty of the world as before. Our souls may still rejoice in beauty as of old. To some of us this glorious frame has not appeared a dead mechanic mass, but a living whole, instinct with spiritual life; and in the beauty which we see around us in nature's face, we have felt the smile of a spiritual Being, as we feel the smile of our friend adding light and lustre to his countenance. I still indulge this fancy, or, if you will, this superstition. Still, as of old, I feel (to use the familiar language of our great poet of nature)

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I
still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth : of all the mighty
world,
Of eye, and ear.

EDW. FRY.

From Temple Bar.

MADAME ROLAND DE LA PLATIERE.

BY LADY JACKSON.

OF the celebrated women of the French Revolution, who by energy of character, great mental gifts or personal fascination, exercised an influence over the more prominent actors in that terrible drama, the most distinguished was Madame Roland de la Platière—the wife of the Girondin minister of Louis XVI. In her wonderful gift of eloquence she far surpassed Madame de Staël, whose declamatory tirades on freedom were mainly inspired by overweening vanity and constant craving for admiration. But the sentiments of Madame Roland came from the heart, and, whether written or spoken, her true feelings were expressed in them. She was endowed with extreme sensibility and a vivid imagination; and from long and diligent study of the ancient philosophers had imbibed their lofty views of independence, and ardent patriotism—liberty being associated in her mind with

* *Nature*, xx. p. 396.

the idea of virtue, and the amelioration of human nature.

During the latter years of the dissolute reign of Louis XV. she had witnessed the debasing effects produced by the vicious example of a profligate monarch on the character of the people. In the weakness and incompetency of his successor she believed she discerned the further imperilling of the true interests of the nation, therefore warmly welcomed the Revolution at its first outburst. In her enthusiasm, she regarded it as the destined means for the realization in France of those great and noble principles of liberty in the love of which her imagination had been nurtured. For her head and her heart were filled with Greek and Roman history, and from childhood to womanhood she had studied the maxims, and professed the principles, of the celebrated personages who, in the flourishing period of the great republics, were most distinguished by their civic virtues. But while contemplating the glory of those illustrious citizens, she lost sight of the stormy passions that were constantly agitating the republics — forgetting, as she has told us, "the death of Socrates, the banishment of Aristides, and the ingratitude of the Athenians in sentencing Phocion to drink the poisoned cup." Her ardent fancy pictured the Revolution as freeing the oppressed from the yoke of the oppressor, and achieving the social regeneration of France under the benign sway of wisdom, virtue, justice and patriotism. Sad was her awakening from this dream. "*Ah, douce illusion! qui m'avait tant charmée,*" she exclaimed in her prison — "brilliant chimera! vanishing before the fearful spectacle of the misery and slavery, and imbecile stupor of the Parisians; who dare not rise up and depose the sanguinary monsters who have usurped power, and are deluging the land with the blood of its most virtuous citizens. O my country! into what hands hast thou fallen!"

This celebrated woman was accused by the assassins of the Terror of being leagued with the unfortunate Girondins in an attempt to overthrow the republic. During the first two months of her detention in the prisons of the Abbaye and Ste. Pélagie, she occupied herself, at the earnest solicitation of M. Champagneux, in writing "*Notices Historiques,*" or sketches of the Revolution, during that period when the post of *ministre de l'intérieur* was held by her husband. As she wrote, the manuscript was confided to her

faithful friend, M. Bosc, member of the Institute, and a copy to M. Champagneux. Champagneux, whom Roland had appointed *chef de bureau*, was soon after arrested; when his family, alarmed lest the writings of Madame Roland should in any way compromise him — contrary to his directions — destroyed them. At about the same time M. Bosc was threatened with banishment. And as that, most probably, meant death, he thought it prudent immediately to leave Paris. The manuscript entrusted to his care he took with him, and concealed it in a rocky hollow in the depths of the forest of Montmorency. Madame Roland, though deeply affected on being informed of the imprisonment of one friend, the flight of the other, and the destruction of the whole, as she supposed, of "*Les Notices*" — the object of which was to make known to posterity the integrity, probity, and ability of her husband in his official capacity, as well as the Spartan simplicity of his character and mode of life, and his high moral worth — nevertheless courageously determined to resume her pen; not to rewrite the "*Notices,*" but to replace them by memoirs. "*Mes notices sont perdues,*" she said; "*et, péniblement affectée, je vais m'entretenir de moi, pour mieux m'en distraire.*"

Those eloquent memoirs were written while awaiting sentence of death, and in the short space of twenty-two days. With the connivance of the sympathizing friends whom, in the concierge and his wife, she found, even in her prison, the small sheets of coarse grey paper supplied to her were transferred, as she filled them, to a place of safety. Eight months later on they were printed. For the infamous Robespierre had then fallen; the Reign of Terror was ended; Champagneux was released, and Bosc left his place of concealment. The latter immediately published the "*Notices*" he had so courageously preserved, together with the "*Memoirs,*" under the title first given to them by their gifted author, viz., "*Appel à la postérité; par la citoyenne Roland.*" The work was sold by Louvet, at his library, "*La Maison d'Egalité,*" and the sensation it caused was so great that twelve thousand copies were disposed of in a very short time.

The "*Memoirs*" describe in glowing language the ardent feelings of a warm-hearted, imaginative girl — talented, studious, and intellectual — developing into a woman of elevated sentiments and noble aspirations; affectionate and dutiful as a

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daughter, faithful and devoted as wife and mother. They have been compared to the "Confessions" of Rousseau, and supposed to be an imitation of them. But, except that they enter rather minutely into every circumstance of her girlhood and married life, there is little resemblance between them. The "Confessions" are repelling. The "Memoirs" are attractive. They bear no trace of the morbid love of self-accusation, which would seem to have had a fascinating influence on Jean-Jacques when he drew that exaggerated and repulsive picture of weakness, baseness, and vice he named his "Confessions." The animated pages of the "Memoirs" are rather a reflex of the passionate eloquence of that band of brilliant orators so conspicuous among the deputies of the Gironde, of whom Madame Roland has been designated the heroine. She was, however, no weak and sentimental heroine of the Rousseau type, but a proud, severe, courageous woman; in character a Cornelia, yet uniting with the heroism of a Roman matron the graces of a Frenchwoman.

Though a victim of the Terror, and stigmatized as an aristocrat by her *sans-culottes* persecutors, Madame Roland was not of noble birth. She was the daughter of Gratien Philpon, an engraver by profession, but a man of little culture or artistic training. His business was, however, a flourishing one; he gave employment to several workmen, and his circumstances were easy. Marie Jeanne, or Manon, as she was more usually called, was born in Paris in 1754, and was the sole survivor of a family of seven children. According to French custom, the first years of her infancy were passed in the country, under the care of a peasant nurse of Arpajon. Brought thence to her home, at about the age of three years, it was soon perceived that this quiet and intelligent, though naturally reserved, little girl required constant occupation other than play. Already she could read; had a great desire for learning, and much facility in acquiring all that was taught her—never wearying of her books, though loving flowers almost as well, and making attempts to trace them on paper. The gift of a bouquet delighted her, and the recreation that gave her most pleasure was to ramble in the country and collect wild flowers in the fields.

But as Manon increased in years she not unfrequently evinced a disinclination to yield to parental authority when it ran counter to her own will. Yet her disposi-

tion was very open to persuasion; and her mother, a woman of superior intellect, and of more cultivated mind than her father, also more gentle, prudent, and skilful, was able to tame down the rebellious instincts of her precocious child, merely by a look of surprise and reproof. "Mademoiselle!" pronounced in a tone of severity instantly subdued her. Her father, who was disposed to be harsh and despotic, she did not so readily obey. On one occasion, when about to inflict punishment upon her, with rod or cane, for an obstinate refusal to swallow some medicine, gentle little Manon resisted him in so lion-like a spirit that he stood in silent amazement before her. And the child conquered the parent. Never again did he raise his hand to chastise her; scarcely, indeed, did he reprimand her; but, adopting an opposite course, became kind and caressing, and was rewarded for his forbearance by constant docility and affection. Evidently, here was a child who would have been spoiled by the use rather than by the sparing of the rod, the dictum of Solomon notwithstanding.

Manon was but seven years of age at this time. In the course of the next three or four years she had masters for music, drawing and dancing, history and geography. Her uncle, a young priest, gave her lessons in Latin, and, under her father's instruction, she made some progress in engraving. Had she been allowed to follow the bent of her own inclinations, she would probably have been distinguished as a musician. But her mother was entirely opposed to her adopting either music or painting as a profession, lest it should lead her into a sphere of society whose morals and manners she disapproved, being a woman of strict religious principles. The guitar was, therefore, the only instrument Manon was permitted to learn. Her master perceived her talent and pleaded for either harp or piano—for which she was sighing—but pleaded in vain. Yet it is probable that her strength of will again asserted itself, as we find, when she grew up, that she played the piano with both taste and skill. With respect to her reading, however, no restraint whatever appears to have been put on her, and but little supervision exercised as to the subjects of the books which occupied every moment not given to her lessons. And a most heterogeneous collection came into her hands. Shut up alone in her own little chamber, this child of eight or nine years read with avidity such works as an old translation

of the civil wars of Appius; another of Turkish dramas; several folio volumes of the "Lives of the Saints;" Scarron's "*Roman Comique*;" an old in-folio Bible and Psalter, with various others no less incongruous, and most of which had been relegated to the *grenier* as worthless. When nothing new—or new to her—was to be obtained, she returned to her antique treasures and diligently re-read and reflected upon them. This, aided by a solitary and companionless childhood, resulted in her forming on the subject of religion some very singular and heterodox notions.

In the forbidden book she had surreptitiously studied, Manon found, as she fancied, a God wholly unlike the Christ to whose Virgin Mother she was accustomed to pray and to hear of in the church and from the priest. The God of her Bible she thought cruel and unjust, allowing terrible things to be done on the earth without interfering to prevent them, sometimes even commanding them to be done. Brought up very religiously, the child became alarmed at the temerity of her own thoughts, and frightened at the possible consequences of their wickedness. For comfort she had recourse to the Psalms, which she was fond of, and looked to find it in literally doing penance as David had done figuratively, "eaten ashes as it were bread," etc. So poor little sensitive Manon sprinkled her *tartines* with wood-ashes, and endeavored to mingle a copious torrent of tears with her drink. Her thoughts were, however, diverted for a while from dwelling on her imaginary sins by the book which of all others riveted her attention—Dacier's translation of "Plutarch." From the time of her meeting with it, in a collection of volumes belonging to one of her father's apprentices, she dates the ideas and impressions that without any thought then of becoming a republican eventually made her one. In it, she says, she seemed to find the real nutriment for which her mind craved. "*Télémaque*" and "Jerusalem Delivered" had touched her heart, roused its tender emotions, fired her imagination. "Plutarch" entranced her; held captive every thought. Unable to lay it aside during the Holy Week of 1763 (she had then just completed her ninth year), she carried it with her to church, and read it there, concealed in her book of prayers.

At the age of eleven she was confirmed. The ceremony impressed her so deeply that it reawakened the religious emotions that had lain dormant since "Plutarch"

and the works of the ancient historians (lent to her by her apprentice friend) had occupied her thoughts and time. Convinced that she was an incorrigible sinner, she returned despairingly to the "Lives of the Saints" and her books of devotion. A holy terror seized her, she says, when, soon after her confirmation, her mother alluded to her first communion, and the religious preparation that should precede it. She believed it to be the sealing of her doom in the next world—and that eternal misery or happiness depended upon it. A kind of sentimental delirium took possession of her senses; an ecstatic feeling of love for God, which had temporarily a singular effect on her character. Heretofore self-willed and self-asserting, she became profoundly humble and painfully timid. Her thoughts dwelt only on the salvation of her soul. Her home, and her quiet life with her mother, she fancied too worldly for a preparation for the great event and crisis of her life.

Under the influence of this feeling, most strange in a child, that God required some sacrifice from her—an atonement for her evil thoughts—and that it was only in the solitude and silence of a cloister she could make it and devote herself wholly to him, she fell on her knees before her astonished parents, and, sobbing as though her heart would break, prayed them to allow her to retire to a convent, that she might in greater quietude prepare for her communion. Her father approved this request. An arrangement was made to receive her for a year at the convent of Les Dames de la Congrégation, and for the continuing of her education at the *pensionnat* of that religious community. In May, 1765, Madame Philpon conducted her daughter thither. Manon was then eleven years and two months old. The child's distress of mind was so great when the hour arrived for taking leave of her mother, that resolution well-nigh failed her. "*J'étouffais*," she says, "*j'étais pénétrée! mais j'obéissais à la voix de Dieu.*"

During the twelve months she remained with the Dames de la Congrégation this serious, industrious, and keenly observant little girl made considerable progress in her education. In the hours of recreation, leaving the young *pensionnaires* to their mirthful pastimes, Manon would wander alone under the broad-spreading trees of the convent grounds, either to read or to meditate. With her strong love of nature, she delighted in listening

to the songs of the birds, in contemplating the beauty of the summer or autumn foliage, and the many-tinted, sweet-scented flowers of the gardens; recognizing God and his providence in everything around her—and “from nature looking up to nature’s God.” The rich, deep sounds of the majestic organ; the thrilling tones of fresh, young voices, singing the motets, ravished her ears, and filled her heart with holy enthusiasm and happiness. What a favorite this youthful saint became with the nuns, with the superiors of the convent, and with the director—the *curé* of St. Victor—who confessed the young ladies of the *pensionnat*! It was generally allowed that with so holy a frame of mind this child of grace might make her first communion without further delay—an opportunity occurring on the *fête* of the Assumption.

Happy little Manon! Yet she shudders while present at one of those ostentatiously pompous ceremonies, when—under the profane term of giving a bride to Christ—some unhappy young victim of superstition is torn from the world, where her duties lie, and, after renouncing all that should be dear and sacred to her, is arrayed in a black shroud and consigned to a living tomb. The kneeling novice, covered with a funeral pall—too suggestive of the death, to her, of all that made life desirable—affected Manon deeply. In imagination she became the novice; believed that she was being torn from her mother’s arms and was to see her no more, and, in her frantic terror, wept and sobbed aloud. Poor little saint! Her emotion was misunderstood—for in the convent it was firmly believed that she longed for the time when she, too, was destined to be offered as a bride to Christ.

Months glided on. New *pensionnaires* took the places of those who had left. From Amiens came the sisters Henriette and Sophie Cannel. Sophie was two years older than Manon, and was full of sorrow and sadness at leaving her home. Henriette was three years Sophie’s senior, and accompanied her to the convent merely to solace her in her affliction. But Henriette herself was so vexed, so sad, so disgusted at returning to school when, having just left it, she was expecting to make her *début* in society, that she seemed to stand quite as much in need of a comforter as the younger girl. Between these sisters and Manon a warm friendship sprang up, which continued through life and influenced greatly the fate of the latter.

Her year being expired, Mademoiselle Philpon left the Dames de la Congrégation, having gained golden opinions from the whole community. They had been exceedingly edified by the deep piety of one so young, and fully expected that at no distant date she would return to their convent to leave it no more. But Manon’s ideas had become somewhat less *exaltées* since she had assisted at those heavenly bridal, and also found a vent for her ardent feelings in friendship. Once again, too, without the convent walls, the “change that had come o’er the spirit of her dream” acquired greater strength. To a priestly inquiry whether she had not a desire for the religious life, she discreetly replied, “she knew not her parents’ intentions, and was herself too young to decide on her destiny.” Her first step towards scepticism was occasioned, strange to say, by the perusal of Bossuet’s controversial writings, which she met with in the small library of Madame Philpon, her grandmother; with whom, on leaving the convent, she went to stay for a year. From those writings she learned what were the objections raised by Bossuet’s opponents against the doctrines he had undertaken to defend. And to her matured though youthful judgment they appeared so forcible that, thus enlightened, she began to reason with herself on the grounds of her own belief—passing, during the next few years, through the several stages of Jansenism, Cartesianism, stoicism, and deism. “*Ah! que de chemins,*” she exclaims, “*pour finir par le patriotisme, qui m’a fait jeter dans les fers!*”

Manon was in her fifteenth year when she returned to her home. Masters were re-engaged. Her reading, too, was resumed, and it was desultory as before. Her active mind sought only instruction; application had become a habit, and was now her chief source of happiness. She rose at five in the morning to read, and read everything she could borrow, or her father could hire of the books she bade him inquire for, making extracts of the passages that most particularly struck her. The list of authors whose works she was acquainted with includes the names of Rollin, Crévier, le Père d’Orléans, Pluche, Saint-Réal, l’Abbé de Vertot, Mezerai, Pascal, Montesquieu, Locke, Condillac, Descartes, Malebranche, Maimbourg, Bertruy, Voltaire, “*Lettres de Sévigné,*” “*Lettres de Saint Jérôme,*” Burlamaqui, “*Don Quixote,*” Diodorus of Sicily, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Helvetius, etc.

In her seventeenth year she, for the first and only time during her mother's life, was taken to the opera and the Théâtre Français. Both opera and play disappointed her. The ballet shocked her; and a ridiculous spectacle it must indeed have been — both *premières danseuses* and *figurantes* pirouetting and bounding about arrayed in the enormous *paniers* then in favor.

Manon was a handsome girl at this time; a charming brunette, with a face beaming with intelligence; fine, clear complexion; soft, expressive, dark eyes; a pretty mouth; beautiful teeth and luxuriant dark-brown hair. She was tall, and of graceful figure; and there was a *distinction* in her manners and a purity in her diction that seemed rather to belong to a girl of high birth and breeding than to the daughter of the *bourgeois* Gratien Philpon. Now and then she was invited to spend a day with the Parisian relatives of her Amiens friends, the Cannet family, the attachment of the young girls to each other, and their unflagging correspondence, being approved by the parents of both. On those occasions the question, "*Elle n'est pas née demoiselle?*" would sometimes be asked in a whispering tone (the Cannets were of far higher social grade than Philpon *père*), when a shrug of the shoulders and an expressive glance would reveal to the inquirer the lamentable fact that this young lady, so aristocratic in appearance, was really a very plebeian personage. "*Ah, vraiment! Mais, c'est dommage!* — with such an education, too, and *tournure si distinguée!*" These remarks, shrugs, and glances escaped neither the ear nor the eye of the observant Manon. Perhaps the republican principles she had already imbibed and cherished were not a little strengthened by wounded *amour propre*, and conscious superiority to those who, while pitying her as *une petite bourgeoise*, were yet compelled to recognize in her one of nature's *grandes dames*.

Gratien Philpon was justly proud of his daughter. He was fond of appearing with this elegantly dressed, pretty young girl on his arm in the public promenades. "*Ma fille,*" he would say, with a pleased and triumphant air, to those of his acquaintance who did not yet know her — for Manon was less often seduced from her studies than her father at this period would have wished. But to exhibitions of pictures and works of art she readily accompanied him. They were frequent in Paris in those days, as we learn from

her "*Memoirs,*" and Manon highly appreciated artistic work, while Philpon had a correct judgment in such matters, though practically he could hardly lay claim to be considered an artist.

Many were the suitors who now sought his fair daughter in marriage. A wealthy butcher ventured to sigh for her. An opulent jeweller offered his heart and hand. But Manon would give no ear to the suit of a lover engaged in trade. Painters, musicians, *littérateurs*, and M.D.'s were also dismissed. M. Philpon was in despair. Her mother, in failing health, and whom she loved so much, pleaded in vain for the worthy jeweller, who, as he had gained the favor of both parents, seems to have been a desirable *parti*. "He was a truly honest man," her father informed her. She, however, though not doubting his honesty, declared that it was indifferent to her whether he sold diamonds or cakes, as he had not the qualities she looked for in a husband. She preferred to remain with her parents, as "she could imagine no happiness in marriage except in an intimate union of the heart, and perfect congeniality of sentiments. The man she would marry must be one she could with confidence look up to as superior to herself. For as the laws of the land and of nature placed man above woman, she would feel shame for a husband whom she could not regard as truly meriting such superiority."

"You want a lawyer, then, my daughter," was her father's logical conclusion — Manon having mentioned the laws of the land. "Yet a woman need not look for much happiness with a lawyer. They are haughty, surly fellows, *ces gens de robe*, and rarely have much money in their pockets." "Papa, I do not ask for a lawyer," said Manon, "but for a man I can love, and I have not yet met with him."

A heavy affliction fell on poor Manon at about this time, in the death of her mother. Madame Philpon, apparently improved in health after a country excursion, was seized with apoplexy on the day of her return, and died the same evening. This event is touchingly and vividly described in the "*Memoirs.*" The intense grief of the heart-broken girl brought on an illness that seemed likely to end in loss of reason, or in death. She was removed to Arpajon, where, under the care of her great-aunt, Madame Besnard, aided by the affectionate attentions of the nurse of her infancy, she gradually recovered. To beguile the hours of her convales-

cence, the Abbé Legrand put into her hands the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*" of Jean-Jacques. This was almost her first acquaintance with Rousseau. His name was not unknown to her, and she had sought his works; but had read only the "*Lettres de la Montagne*," and the letter to Christopher de Beaumont. Her mother, it appears, had dreaded the influence of Rousseau on a mind so impressionable as Manon's, and, while not otherwise interfering with her reading, had sedulously kept his works out of her way. But at twenty years of age she did not read "*Héloïse*" without being deeply affected by it. The impression he made on her, she tells us, was similar to that she experienced on reading "Plutarch" at the age of nine—it seemed to be the mental aliment she needed; the interpreter of sentiments already possessed, but which it alone explained to her. Plutarch had awakened the force and courage which characterize the republican spirit, and had inspired her with a real enthusiasm for public virtue and liberty. Rousseau set before her a picture of domestic happiness; showed her the ineffable felicity she was capable of, and might even hope to enjoy.

Manon returned to her home to take charge of her father's domestic concerns. But the comfort and peace that once reigned in that home had fled. Philpon had long been indulging in dreams of wealth, and in order to realize them—industry in his profession being too slow a process—had engaged in hazardous schemes and speculations which had resulted in heavy losses. To retrieve these losses he had, with no better success, taken to gambling, and was now become gloomy and morose. Yet, when his daughter returned, he made an effort to resume former habits. He and Manon played at piquet in the evening, but found it dreary work. They also tried reading and conversation. But Manon had been educated so far above him that they had few ideas in common. They soon wearied of each other's society. Philpon sought his evening enjoyments abroad; his daughter found hers at home, in study, and in writing a series of short essays under the title of "*Œuvres de loisirs, et réflexions diverses*." Neither this nor any other production of her pen was published during her lifetime. She was not ambitious of the reputation of an author. "A woman," she says, "loses more than she gains by it—she is criticised by her own sex and disliked by men."

In the letters of Sophie Cannet to Manon Philpon, M. Roland de la Platière is, at this time, now and then mentioned as a man of great learning and merit, and a frequent visitor at their house. The talents and beauty of Sophie's convent friend seem to have been frequently lauded by the Cannet family. And Sophie had a miniature of Manon, which M. Roland de la Platière had seen and greatly admired. He was then about to leave Amiens for Paris, and expressed so great a desire to make the acquaintance of this charming young lady, that Sophie gave him a letter of introduction.

The philosopher whom I have occasionally mentioned to you, M. Roland de la Platière [wrote Sophie] is the bearer of this letter. Be amiable to him, for, though rather grave, he is really a very worthy man. We reproach him only for his great admiration of the ancients at the expense of the moderns, whom he condemns; perhaps his chief foible is that he talks rather too much of himself.

M. Roland (de la Platière has generally been dropped, it went with the rest of the *de's* and *de la's* at the Revolution) was twenty-two years Manon's senior. He was tall and slight, hair a little grey and rather thin about the temples; somewhat negligent in his dress, and grave as a student who consumed much midnight oil. There was a shade of severity in the expression of his countenance; and when he smiled—as naturally he did smile on Manon's bright, intelligent face—it became, she says, no less prepossessing than intellectual. Roland was a man of good birth, and had the manners of one, and Manon did not find him so much disposed to talk of himself as her friend had done—for which there was probably a reason. On the whole, he seems to have made a not unfavorable impression on Manon. Philpon, however, did not like him, and perhaps the feeling was mutual; for some time elapsed before he again made his appearance. But although during his stay in Paris his visits were few and far between, on the other hand, they were unconsciously long. Philpon at first thought it right to play the duenna; but soon found the duty irksome, and the conversation of Roland far too learned and philosophical to be interesting to him.

M. Roland was connected with that department of government concerned with the progress of manufactures and arts. His writings on those subjects have been highly valued, because of the great experience as well as the learning he brought to bear on them. He was then on his

way to Italy to inquire into the state of certain branches of industry, and the government regulations respecting them. He prevailed on Manon to take charge of his MSS. during his absence, and, should any calamity befall him, to consider them her own; a correspondence naturally ensued. But Philpon, whose business, from neglect, was fast falling away from him, refused to pay either for Roland's letters or those of the *littérateur*, Sevelings, with whom she also corresponded. Her maternal uncle, then Chanoine of Vincennes, took pity upon her, received her letters, and released her from this difficulty. Roland returned to Paris at the end of eighteen months' stay in Italy—Manon then regarded him, she says, as "*un philosophe qui n'existait que par la raison.*" And it was only after a friendly intimacy of near five years that he began to talk less of philosophy than love. She was not then insensible to this declaration of his feelings; yet frankly told him that her father was on the brink of ruin; that her *dot* of eighty thousand francs, and a small property derived from her mother, had been employed by him in speculations which had failed, and that all that remained secured to her was the trifling sum of five hundred francs in *rentes*. She was, therefore, no eligible match for M. Roland, and must beg him to think no more of her. He, however, made light of these objections, and was indifferent to the opinion of his family concerning them—Manon having urged that upon him—and at last he prevailed on her to overcome all scruples respecting her want of fortune, and to consider herself engaged to him.

Both preferred that Philpon should be written, rather than spoken, to on the subject. But they saw each other every day during the rest of his stay in Paris; and regarding her destiny, she says, "as now bound up with Roland's, she learned to admire his character, and became sincerely attached to him." But Philpon continued to look on him with no favorable eye, and when, on M. Roland's return to Amiens, he wrote to ask Manon in marriage, he at once, without consulting his daughter, refused, and in harsh and positive terms. When informed of it, she determined to leave her father's house, retire to a convent, and to live on her annuity of five hundred francs. To defray certain pressing debts, she gave him the silver plate that formed part of her inheritance; then seeking the protection of Les Dames de la Congrégation,

hired a small room, or cell, in the roof of the convent, and restricted her diet to a few potatoes daily, a little rice, or some beans. Twice in the week she went to her father's to see that his linen was in order, and his domestic arrangements as comfortable as altered circumstances allowed. For Philpon had been compelled to discharge all his workmen, and now worked alone, having scarcely sufficient employment for himself. The rest of her time Manon devoted to study. She read the works of the great pulpit orators, and wrote critical remarks on Bourdaloue, Massillon, and others.

Roland, though much astonished and grieved at the conduct of Philpon, continued to write to Manon as affectionately as before. When he again returned to Paris, he saw and conversed with her at the convent grating, and there renewed his proposal of marriage—his brother, a Benedictine priest, having the *entrée*, being commissioned to press his suit for him. But it occurred to Manon that a man who had numbered less than forty-seven years would not have allowed five or six months to elapse before taking this step. And this reflection having dispelled certain romantic illusions she had cherished, she determined to think long before accepting or refusing his offer. But the convent grating seems to have quickened Roland's pulses, and daily the privileged Benedictine came to press for a favorable answer. The result of this assiduity was that within a month of her lover's arrival, Manon Philpon became Madame Roland de la Platière—she being twenty-five, he forty-seven.

The first year of their marriage—1779-80—was spent in Paris. The bride, then scarcely aware of her own mental powers, was immediately fully employed as M. Roland's copyist and corrector of proofs. And so thoroughly did she respect his opinions, of which he was extremely tenacious, that, fearing to see the slightest shadow of disapprobation cross his countenance—for she then, and indeed to the end of her life, regarded him as one of the most highly endowed and most estimable of men—it was long, she tells us, ere she had the courage to express any dissent from his views; even when she ventured to think there was reason for doing so. Roland was, however, devotedly attached to his wife, and by no means insensible to her personal merits, and her talents; though he could hardly anticipate how entirely they were destined to change characters—he to

become the ivy and she the oak. While at Amiens, whither his official duties called him, he was greatly assisted by Madame Roland in preparing that portion of the "*Nonvelle Encyclopédie*" he had undertaken to write, relating to manufactures and arts. To vary her literary occupations, she followed at this time a course of botany, and another of natural history. So fully indeed was the time of both husband and wife taken up with their learned labors, that they rarely left their study except for an occasional constitutional walk outside the town. Her life was lonely and laborious; for Roland was for some years rather inclined to be jealous, even of the affection which in the warmth of her feelings she evinced towards the two friends of her girlhood. Both were married, and resided within a short distance of Amiens, but Roland wished her to refrain from seeing so much of them. It was an error of judgment, she thought, on his part — and no doubt it was — but she yielded to his wishes, or rather to his whims. Her little daughter, born at Amiens in 1781, in some degree, however, solaced her for the loss of the society of her friends.

In 1784 Roland and his wife visited England. His reputation as a *savant* secured him a favorable reception at the *séances* of the Royal Society, and at the *réunions* at the house of its president, Sir J. Banks; Madame Roland being also well received in the learned society that welcomed her husband. On returning to France they settled at Villefranche, in M. Roland's paternal home at the Clos la Platière; in that district so rich in vineyards at the base of the mountains of Beaujolais. Madame Roland corresponded much at this period with M. Bosc. Her letters are charming, lively, and *spirituelles*. They describe the society of Villefranche and Lyon, family scenes, rural occupations, literary labors, the progress of her child, the everyday life of herself and her husband; and all in so pleasant a strain, and apparently in the cheerful frame of mind of one born to find happiness in and to adorn a domestic sphere. But as the Revolutionary times drew near she alludes more frequently to public affairs, gradually developing intense interest in them. Her enthusiasm increases when, in the fall of the Bastille, she seems to foresee that the dawn of freedom is at hand. In 1787 M. Roland's official duties took him to Switzerland, whither his wife accompanied him. They visited Coppet, just pur-

chased by Necker, but interesting to the travellers from its having for two years been the residence of Bayle. They also became acquainted with the celebrated pastor of Zurich, Lavater, who made a *silhouette* portrait group of M. and Madame Roland and their child. This was afterwards in the possession of M. Bosc.

M. Philpon died in the course of this year; failing sight and unsteadiness of hand had compelled him to give up engraving; yet scarcely could he be prevailed on to overcome his repugnance to accept from M. Roland a small annuity to supply the insufficiency of his own means.

In 1790 Roland was elected a member of the municipality of Lyon, of which department he was inspector-general of manufactures. The abuses in the administration of its finances presented an epitome of those existing in the State. The municipality was encumbered with a debt of forty million francs, and its coffers were empty. The excitement which had reigned in Paris since the convoking of the *Etats Généraux* was fast spreading to the provinces. Lyon was in a state of extreme effervescence. Twenty thousand workmen had been discharged, owing to the great depression in trade during the first year of the Revolution. Means were needed to relieve the misery and starvation of the suffering artisans; and the distress was so pressing that the municipality determined to appeal to the *Assemblée Constituante* — Roland being chosen, as deputy extraordinary, to lay before the Assembly a statement of the distress and bankruptcy of the city of Lyon.

He and his family arrived in Paris on the 20th of February 1791, after an absence of five years. But in their provincial home Madame Roland had closely followed the progress of the Revolution and the labors of the Assembly; and had studied the character and talents of its most distinguished members, with an interest, she tells us, that would with difficulty be either imagined or appreciated by any one unacquainted with the ardor of her feelings and the activity of her mind. She attended the *séances* of the Assembly; listened with delight to the wonderful eloquence of Cazalès; of the all-powerful Mirabeau; the audacious Maury; the astute Lameth; the cool Barnave. Yet those great orators satisfied her ear less than her understanding. Their words were eloquent, and delivered with sufficient force, but the charm of a

melodious and well-modulated voice she listened for in vain. "*Mirabeau lui-même*," she says, "*avec la magie imposante d'un noble débit, n'avait pas un timbre flatteur, ni la prononciation agréable.*"

Roland's writings had brought him into correspondence with Brissot, who admired the principles of justice and liberty advocated in them. He and Roland, in sentiment and feeling, had long been intimately acquainted, but personally they were strangers. At their first meeting, as described by Madame Roland, they scanned each other's features with amusing eagerness. Brissot introduced him to Pétion, Buzot, Robespierre (then deemed "honest, though zealous overmuch"), and other deputies who shared Roland's opinions, and in the apartment of the latter they assembled to discuss, particularly, the affairs of the city of Lyon, and, generally, the affairs of the nation. Madame Roland was present, but sat apart from the circle, occupied either with needlework, or in writing her letters—never by word or look taking any part in the discussion. But she confesses that she could sometimes scarcely refrain from expressing an opinion; so much was she surprised, as well as really pained, to find men of sense frittering away three or four hours in talk, yet arriving at no final decision. All were philosophers, excellent reasoners, and, in discussion, learned politicians; but she discovered among them no leader of men, able permanently to influence an assembly. Roland, however, obtained for Lyon all that the municipality had asked; and his mission being ended, he and his wife left Paris. The seven months he had been detained there were importantly eventful ones. There had occurred the death of Mirabeau; * the flight of the king and queen from Paris; their capture and return to the capital; the massacre of the 17th of July in the Champ de Mars; the king's acceptance of the Acte Constitutionnelle on the 19th; and almost before Roland had reached Lyon, the Assemblée Constituante brought its labors to a close—one of its latest decrees abolishing that department of government in which he had served for near forty years. This news was con-

veyed to him at the Clos la Platière, where he and his wife were superintending the gathering of their grapes and the working of their wine-presses.

The vintage concluded, Roland returned to Paris to urge his claim to a retiring pension, and to resume, with greater facility than was possible in the provinces, his Encyclopedical writings. The state of public affairs afflicted him greatly; but in retirement and study he hoped to find distraction and consolation. Early in March, 1792, however, Brissot in confidence told Madame Roland that the court, anxious to recover popularity, had expressed a willingness to appoint ministers of the extreme left, or Jacobin party. This was thought a snare. Consequently, it was determined that the king should have no opportunity of complaining that unqualified men had been thrust into office. The administrative ability, the high character, the firmness, probity, and patriotism of Roland being well known, he therefore had been mentioned as well fitted for the post of *ministre de l'intérieur*. "Would he be willing," Brissot inquired, "to undertake that responsible office?" After some consultation, Roland replied, "If he could be useful to his country, or serve the cause of liberty, he would not be discouraged by the difficulties, or even by the dangers that probably might lie in the path of duty; but that he desired to think further on the subject." Two days after, to his surprise, Dumouriez, with whom he was not then acquainted, called to inform him of his nomination as *ministre de l'intérieur*, and to express his satisfaction at being associated with so able a colleague—Dumouriez having just received the *portefeuille* of *ministre des affaires étrangères*. The Gironde was then in the ascendant, and the ministers of war and finance—Clavière and Saint-Servan—were also of their party.

Transferred from her modest apartment in the Rue de la Harpe to the spacious salons of the splendid Hôtel du Ministère de l'Intérieur (formerly, des Finances), so lavishly decorated by the extravagant Colonne, Madame Roland began her short but brilliant reign. And where, but so recently, the wife of the wealthy financier, Necker, had held her learned *réunions* of philosophers and *beaux esprits*, and where Madame de Staël, avoiding the reproving glance of her staid mother, had so often launched out on the tabooed subject of politics, her less vehement but far more eloquent and

* Madame Roland then thought it had occurred opportunely "ere his glory was tarnished, or the cause of liberty threatened." She learned to think otherwise, she said, and to regret him, for "it was he, or a man of his calibre, that had been wanting, to save France from the domination of sanguinary ruffians."

gifted rival now, *en toute souveraineté*, animated and encouraged those great orators of the Gironde whose eloquence not unfrequently owed its inspiration to her enthusiasm.

Léumontey, writing of Madame Roland at the time of her husband's first ministry, says:—

She dressed with graceful simplicity, and retained an extremely youthful appearance. Her eyes and hair were remarkably beautiful, and the roseate delicacy of her complexion had all the freshness of adolescence. Roland might have been taken for a Quaker, and she for his daughter. Her little girl, with her long fair hair, falling in wavy masses below her waist, fluttered about her like a fairy. One might have fancied that a family from Pennsylvania was transferred to the *salon* of M. de Calonne.

Roland, in some degree, has been sacrificed to the glory of his wife. No doubt she infused warmth and vigor into his addresses and remonstrances to the government; but, as Michelet says, "*Roland avait la France dans le cœur*," and sought only the public good, and by such means as alone were open to him—no less under the monarchy than the Revolution.

On his first appearance at court he caused great sensation, wearing neither sword, ruffles, nor buckles, but his usual dress, with a round hat, and his shoes tied with ribands. The *valets de chambre* doubted the evidence of their own eyes. The master of the ceremonies was horror-struck; "*Point de boucles!*" he murmured tremulously, glancing with haggard eye from Roland's feet to Dumouriez's face. "*Ah, monsieur,*" said the latter, with an air of *sang froid*, "*c'est triste, n'est-ce pas! tout est perdu.*" The *séances* of the Council of State resembled, we are told, more the meeting together of a few private persons for desultory conversation than the deliberations of a council of ministers. The king read the English and other foreign papers, questioned each minister concerning his personal affairs; chatted on things in general, and appeared willing to assent to everything. Roland and the rest were at first disposed to put entire faith in the king, and were delighted with his frankly expressed readiness to conform to their views, and to abide by and uphold the constitution. They believed that it augured a favorable turn in events. Madame was less sanguine; she considered that the king must possess a mind far above the ordinary run of men, if, accustomed as he had been to the exercise of

despotic power, he could sincerely accept a constitution that put so many restrictions upon him; but that, had he possessed such a mind, those events which brought about the constitution would never have happened.

Louis XVI. [she says] was neither the besotted imbecile the people were taught to despise, by those who wished to degrade him; nor was he the good, honest, sensible man, extolled by his friends. He was a commonplace character, well suited for an obscure station; but being brought up to fill a throne, his mediocrity proved his ruin in times of difficulty, when only genius or virtue could have saved him. He was well acquainted with the history of France, and was the best geographer in his kingdom. He knew the names of all persons about the court, and the faces of those to whom they belonged. No subject could be brought under his notice that he had not an opinion upon, founded on certain known facts. But he would elude discussion on great political questions by adroitly turning the conversation; talking to Roland about his published works, and eliciting from Dumouriez some one of his numerous jokes or anecdotes, until the council chamber began to resemble a *café*!

Weary of the feeble *ruses* on the part of the king to avoid or delay giving his sanction to edicts he did not approve, Roland, inspired by the immense energy of his wife, proposed to his colleagues to put an end to this state of inaction by collectively asking for their dismissal, if his Majesty considered that he could not assent to the measures they had laid before him. This they all agreed to, but when a draft of the letter was submitted to them, so many objections were taken to its form, so many alterations suggested, that the project was abandoned. And, as Madame Roland expresses it, "the council not having sufficient character to pronounce their opinion collectively, it behoved the man who felt himself superior to results, to take upon himself individually the rôle which belonged to them as a body." The celebrated letter to the king, approved in all its sentiments by Roland, was written by his wife, "*d'un seul trait*," as she tells us. Louis XVI. received it on the 11th of June—on the 12th the *ministre de l'intérieur* was dismissed, as were also the ministers of war and finance. The Revolutionary press was furious, and the Assembly passed a decree that Roland and his colleagues had deserved well of the country. The sending of the letter and the dismissal of the ministers were both, probably, ill-judged steps, and gave rise to many of

the atrocities that followed. The king, in breaking with the Girondins, sealed, as it were, his own doom. Perhaps he regretted it, for he fell into a deep melancholy and for several days spoke not a word, even to his family. He was aroused from this lethargic state by the terrible events of the 20th of June, to be followed by the still more terrible one of the 10th of August, when the king and queen and their family were imprisoned in the Temple, and the reign of Louis XVI. virtually ended.

The Girondin ministers were then reinstated; and the grave and studious Roland, and his talented, enthusiastic wife, with hopes renewed—though less sanguine than formerly—of the realization of their dream of a republic, whose citizens should be submissive to the laws, and fertile in virtues, returned to the princely hotel of the *ministère de l'intérieur*. There, while adhering strictly to republican simplicity, she kept up in her circle a refinement and politeness that drew down upon her the envy and hatred of such men as the vile Marat; the infamous Hébert (of the "*Père Duchesne*"); the hypocritical Robespierre; the ferocious Danton—minister of justice—of whom Madame Roland said, "To introduce him into the council of government was to inoculate it with degradation." In her *salon* might be met the ardent Buzot, —cultivated, refined, a passionate lover of nature, — the vehement, impulsive Gaudet, the impetuous and eminently handsome Barbaroux, with many others of that phalanx of orators who, unhappily, were not statesmen. Amongst them was also Vergniaux, the most eloquent speaker of the Assembly; though indolent by temperament and preferring pleasure to the successes of the tribune. At intervals, however, roused by some startling picture that the heroine of the Gironde opened before him of the dangers to which both the country and the patriotic band were exposed, his noble sentiments, and hatred of the faction which, even from the tribune, advocated spoliation and massacre, would burst forth—re-awakening, as it seemed, the thunders of Mirabeau, and scathing his enemies with his lightning flashes of eloquence.

Danton, from his brutal audacity and sanguinary menaces, had acquired a terrible preponderance in the Council and in the Assembly. Timid men were careful not to give him offence. But Roland resisted him, and though Danton made away with millions of francs—no one

knew how, and no one dared ask him—he never succeeded in his attempts to interfere in the conduct of the affairs, or the disposal of the funds, of the *ministère de l'intérieur*. Hence Danton was Roland's enemy, and endeavored to make him the butt of low ridicule, as being governed by his wife. The "*Père Duchesne*" and "*L'Ami du Peuple*" represented his simple weekly dinners to his colleagues as banquets rivaling in luxury the feasts of Lucullus. Madame Roland, who did the honors, they named *la nouvelle Circe*, who corrupted all who had the misfortune to be drawn into her toils. She was fascinating, no doubt; her melodious voice and expressive countenance lending an additional charm to her words. Camille Desmoulins, who had never been under the spell of their influence, remarked of her when pointed out to him as she passed in the street, "It is wonderful that a woman of her age (thirty-seven), and with so little beauty, should have such a train of adorers." Her enemies accused her of a passionate love for Buzot; others named Barbaroux, or Baruel des Issarts. But the ardor of her patriotism left little place in her heart for any love but love of France. There was perfect congeniality of sentiment also between her and Roland, and sincere affection. She regarded him with a sort of filial worship, and rejected all praises bestowed on her at the expense of his reputation. "*Je lui ai prêté ma plume*," she says, "*mais jamais mes idées*." She knew well that her talents were exalted by Danton and other red-handed monsters only to abase her husband, and with the view of eventually bringing both to the scaffold.

The "Memoirs" relate many heart-rending scenes of the massacre in the prisons on the 2nd of September. They tell also of the precautions recommended by Roland for averting the dreadful calamity he so deeply deplored but was powerless to prevent. The persistence with which he strove, but strove in vain, to bring its infamous perpetrators to justice, enraged Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. They denounced him as a corruptor of public opinion, a dangerous man, devoured by ambition, and set on by his arrogant wife aiming to grasp supreme power. Amongst other crimes and disorders of this period, the royal *garde-meuble* was forced, and the crown diamonds stolen. But Robespierre and the Commune de Paris being all-powerful, Roland's efforts to discover the robbers were frustrated,

though there was little doubt into whose hands the booty had passed.

On the 21st of September the Convention assembled, and having decreed the *République Française*, "*une et indivisible*," adopted the motto (so bitterly satirical under the circumstances), "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*." After frightful crimes and continual tumult and disorder, the Convention, which had established itself in the Tuileries, proceeded, on the 11th of December, to condemn and pass sentence on the king, refusing the appeal to the people, suggested possibly with a view of saving his life; for if pity yet dwelt in any breast none had the courage otherwise to give it expression. France crouched in abject terror at the feet of a sanguinary triumvirate — Danton, Marat, and Robespierre.

On the 20th of January 1793, seven days after the execution of Louis XVI., Roland resigned. His *comptes rendus* greatly irritated the Jacobin leaders, from the contrast his integrity offered to their own system of irresponsible plundering. Roland was therefore pronounced a traitor; Marat, in his "*L'Ami du Peuple*," proving to the satisfaction of himself and his followers that the tranquillity of the republic demanded that the head of the ex-minister should fall. In May, after the defection of Dumouriez became known, and Robespierre, from the tribune, had denounced the Girondins as his accomplices, six armed men presented themselves with an order from the Revolutionary Committee to arrest Roland. He refused to acknowledge its authority. The men withdrew for further orders, and on returning found that their prey, in the interim, had escaped. Madame Roland, who was not supposed to be menaced, was preparing to return to Villefranche with her child. But that same evening she was arrested and conveyed in a *fiacre*, passing to it between two lines of armed men, to the prison of the Abbaye, whence she was afterwards transferred to Ste. Pélagie, and placed among women of the lowest grade and abandoned character. Oh! what a nightmare to succeed the bright day-dream of liberty that so enchanted Manon Phlipon, that "opium dream of too much youth and reading." She, however, did not give way to grief, but submitted calmly, and even cheerfully, to the miserable conditions of prison life. She re-read "Plutarch" and "Tacitus," resumed her drawing, and began her "Notices" and "Memoirs." She wrote her own *projet de défense*, and the eloquence with which

she defended herself before the Revolutionary tribunal keenly mortified the wretches assembled to condemn her, and even drew applause from many who were present, and with no favorable feeling towards her. Of course it was instantly suppressed, and this spontaneous burst of sympathy cost several persons their lives.

During her five months' detention the queen and Madame Elizabeth were beheaded, and Charlotte Corday suffered on the scaffold for ridding the earth of a monster. The Girondins had been arrested and, to the number of twenty-one, executed. The few who escaped either died by their own hands or perished miserably from hardships and want. But blood still flowed on in an ever-increasing torrent, and the work of the executioner became heavier every day. Madame Roland's death occurred on the 10th Brumaire, "*l'an II. de la République*" (10th November, 1793). She had reserved a white dress for the sad event, as symbolical of her innocence. Her long, dark hair fell in unconfined masses below her waist, her general appearance being most interesting. Many tears were shed by friends of happier days (then prisoners awaiting their turn at the guillotine) as she bade them a final adieu, and by the kind wife of the concierge, when, with cheerful smile, she took her last leave of her. The fellow-prisoner who was to mount the scaffold with her, and whose courage was not equal to hers, she animated by her smiles and pleasant words. As she passed the statue of liberty, she exclaimed, "Oh! liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Firmness never failed her; and she met her fate with true heroism. Her last words were, "*Dieu juste, reçois moi!*" thus proclaiming on the scaffold her trust in that God whose existence was then deemed problematical.

When the fatal news reached Roland he fled from his friend's house, and, taking the road to Paris, entered, at about four leagues from Rouen, the avenue of a château, where he sat down by a tree and, drawing the blade from his sword-cane, stabbed himself with it. The next day he was noticed by some persons who were leaving the château. They thought he was sleeping; approached, and found that he slept the sleep of death. By his side lay a paper. It revealed his name, and that his wife's death was known to him. Thus perished Roland and his wife — a man of spotless integrity; a woman

of the most noble qualities. Her condemnation to death was one of the greatest of the many atrocious crimes of the sanguinary Reign of Terror.

By Roland's suicide, his daughter's inheritance—which, had he died on the scaffold, would have been confiscated—was saved. Some years after she married the son of M. Champagneux. On her death, in 1858, the MS. of her mother's "Memoirs"—which she retained in her possession, but is said never to have looked at—passed, by her will, as a bequest to the State.

From The Argosy.

THE RECTOR OF ST. MATTHEW'S.

WHEN lawyers get a case into their hands, no living conjurer can divine when their clients will get it out again. The hardest problem in Euclid was never more difficult to solve than that. Mr. Brandon came up to town on the Monday morning, bringing me with him; he thought we might be detained a few days, a week at the utmost; yet the second week was now passing, and nothing had been done; our business seemed to be no forwarder than it was at the beginning. The men of law in Lincoln's Inn laid the blame on the conveyancers; the conveyancers laid it on the lawyers. Anyway, the upshot was the same—we were kept in London. The fact to myself was uncommonly pleasant, though it might be less so to Mr. Brandon.

The astounding news—that the Reverend William Lake was to have St. Matthew's—and the return of Miss Cattledon from her visit to the sick lady at Chelmsford, rejoiced the ears and eyes of the parish on one and the same day. It was a Wednesday. Miss Cattledon got home in time for dinner, bringing word that her relative was better.

"Has anything been heard about the living?" she enquired, sitting, bonnet in hand, before going up to dress.

Miss Deveen shook her head. In point of fact, we had heard nothing at all of Sir Robert Tenby or his intentions since Mr. Lake's interview with him, and she was not going to tell Cattledon of that, or of Sir Robert's visit on the Sunday.

But, as it appeared, the decision had been made public that afternoon, putting the whole parish into a ferment. Dinner was barely over when Dr. Galliard rushed in with the news.

"Only think of it!" he cried. "Such a piece of justice was never heard of before. Poor Lake has not the smallest interest in the world; and how Sir Robert Tenby came to pick him out is just a marvel. Such a stir it is causing! It's said—I don't know with what truth—that he came up here on Sunday morning to hear Lake preach. Mrs. Herriker saw a fine barouche draw up, high-stepping horses and powdered servants; a lady and gentleman got out of it and entered the church. It is thought now they might have been Sir Robert and Lady Tenby."

"I shouldn't wonder but they were," remarked Miss Deveen.

"Has Mr. Lake *really* got the living given to him?" questioned Cattledon, her eyes open with surprise, her thin throat and waist all in a tremor, and unable to touch another strawberry.

"Really and truly," replied the doctor. "Chisholm tells me he has just seen the letter appointing him to it."

"Dear me!" cried Cattledon, quite faintly. "Dear me! How very thankful we all ought to be—for Mr. Lake's sake."

"I dare say *he* is thankful," returned the doctor, swallowing down the rest of his glass of wine, and preparing to leave. "Thank you, no, Miss Deveen; I can't stay longer: I have one or two sick patients on my hands to-night, and must go to them—and I promised Mrs. Selwyn to look in upon her. Poor thing! this terrible loss has made her really ill. By-the-by," he added, turning round on his way from the room, "have you heard that she has decided upon her plans, and thinks of leaving shortly?"

"No—has she?" returned Miss Deveen.

"Best thing for her, too—to be up and doing. She has the chance of taking to a little boys' preparatory school at Brighton; small and select, as the advertisements have it. Some relative of hers has kept it hitherto, has made money by it, and is retiring—"

"Will Mrs. Selwyn like *that*—to be a schoolmistress?" interrupted Cattledon, craning her neck.

"Rather than vegetate upon her small pittance," returned the doctor briskly. "She is an active, capable woman; got all her senses about her. Better teach little boys and live and dress well, than enjoy a solitary joint of meat once a week and a turned gown once a year—eh, Johnny Ludlow?"

He caught up his hat, and went out in a bustle. I laughed. Miss Deveen nod-

ded approvingly; not at my laugh, but at Mrs. Selwyn's resolution.

The stir abroad might have been pretty brisk that evening; we had Dr. Galliard's word for it: it could have been nothing to what set in the next day. The poor, meek curate—who, however good he might have been to run after, could hardly have been looked upon as an eligible, *bond-fide* prospect—suddenly converted into a rich rector; six hundred a year and a parsonage to flourish in! All the ladies, elder and younger, went into a delightful waking-sleep, and dreamed dreams.

"Such a mercy!" was the cry; "*such* a mercy! We might have had some dreadful old drony man here, who does not believe in daily services, and wears a wig on his bald head. Now Mr. Lake, though his hair is getting a little grey, has a most luxuriant and curly crop of it. Beautiful whiskers too."

It was little Daisy Dutton said that, meeting us in the Park road; she was too young and frivolous to know better. Miss Deveen shook her head at her, and Daisy ran on with a laugh. We were on our way to Mrs. Topcroft's, some hitch having arisen about the frames for Emma's screens.

Emma was out, however; and Mrs. Topcroft came forward with tears in her eyes.

"I can hardly help crying since I heard it," she said, taking her handkerchief out of the pocket of her black silk apron. "It must be such a reward to him after his years of work—and to have come so unsought—so unexpectedly! I am sure Sir Robert Tenby must be a good man."

"I think he is one," said Miss Deveen.

"Mr. Lake deserves his recompense," went on Mrs. Topcroft. "Nobody can know it as I do. Poor Mr. Selwyn knew—but he is gone. I think God's hand must have been in this," she reverently added. "These good and earnest ministers deserve to be placed in power for the sake of those over whom they have charge. I have nothing to say against Mr. Selwyn, but I am sure the parish will find a blessing in Mr. Lake."

"You will lose him," remarked Miss Deveen.

"Yes, and I am sorry for it; but I should be selfish indeed to think of that. About the screens," continued Mrs. Topcroft; "perhaps you would like to see them—I am sorry Emma is out. One, I know, is finished."

Not being especially interested in the

screens, I stepped into the garden, and so strolled round to the back of the house. In the little den of a room, close to the open window, sat Mr. Lake writing. He stood up when he saw me and held out his hand.

"It is, I believe, to you that I am indebted for the gift bestowed upon me," he said in a low tone of emotion, as he clasped my hand in his, and a wave of feeling swept over his face. "How came you to think of me—to be so kind? I cannot thank you as I ought."

"Oh, it's nothing; indeed I did nothing—so to say," I stammered, quite taken aback. "I heard people say what a pity it was you stood no chance of the living, after working so hard in it all these years; so, as I knew Sir Robert, and knew very well Lady Tenby, I thought it would do no harm if I just told them of it."

"And it has borne fruit. And very grateful I am; to you, and to Sir Robert—and to One who holds all things, great and small, in his hands. Do you know," he added, smiling at me and changing his tone to a lighter one, "it seems to me nothing less than a romance."

This was Thursday. The next day Mr. Lake paid a visit to the bishop—perhaps to go through some formality connected with his appointment, but I don't know—and on the following Sunday morning he "read himself in." No mistake about his being the rector, after that. It was a lovely day, and Mr. Brandon came up in time for service. After he knew all about it—that I had actually gone to Sir Robert, and that Mr. Lake had got the living—he asked me five or six hundred questions, as though he were interested, and now he had come up to hear him preach.

You should have seen how crowded the church was. The ladies were in full force and flutter. Cattedon got herself up in a new bonnet; some of them had new rigging altogether. Each individual damsel looked upon the rector as her especial prize, sure to be her own. Mr. Lake did every scrap of the duty himself, including the reading of the articles: that delightful young deacon's cold had taken a turn for the worse, through going to a water-party, and he simply couldn't hear himself speak. Poor Mrs. Selwyn and her daughter sat in their pew to-day, sad as the crape robes they wore.

Did you ever feel nervous when some one belonging to you is going to preach—lest he should not come up to expecta-

tion, or break down, or anything of that sort? Mr. Lake did not belong to me, but a nervous feeling came over me as he went into the pulpit. For Mr. Brandon was there with his critical ears. I had boasted to him of Mr. Lake's preaching; and felt sensitively anxious that it should not fall short.

I need not have feared. It was a very short sermon, the services had been so long, but wonderfully beautiful. You might have heard a pin drop in the church, and old Brandon himself never stirred hand or foot. At the end of the pew sat he, I next to him; his eyes fixed on the preacher, his attitude that of one who is absorbed in what he hears. Just a few words Mr. Lake spoke of himself, of the new relation between himself and his hearers; very quiet, modest words bearing the ring of truth and good-fellowship.

"That man would do his duty in whatever position of life he might be placed," pronounced old Brandon, as we got out. "Robert Tenby's choice has been a good and wise one."

"Thanks to Johnny Ludlow, here," said Miss Deveen, laughing.

"I don't say but what Johnny Ludlow has his head on his shoulders the right way. He means to do well always, I believe; and does do it sometimes."

Which I am sure was wonderful praise, conceded by old Brandon, calling to my face no end of a color. And, if you'll believe me, he put his arm within mine, a thing he had never done before, and walked so across the churchyard.

The next week was a busy one. What with Mrs. Selwyn's preparations for going away, and what with the commotion caused by the new state of things, the parish had plenty on its hands—and tongues. Mr. Lake had begged Mrs. Selwyn not to quit the rectory until it should be quite and entirely convenient to her; if he got into it six or twelve months hence, he kindly urged, it would be time enough for him. But Mrs. Selwyn, while thanking him for his consideration, knowing how earnestly he meant it, showed him that she was obliged to go. She had taken to the school at Brighton, and had to enter upon it as speedily as might be. A few days afterwards she had vacated the rectory, and her furniture was packed into vans to be carried away. Some women went into the empty house to clean it down, that it might be made ready for its new tenant. Poor Mr. Selwyn had repaired and decorated the house only the previous year,

little thinking his tenure of it would be so short.

Then began the fun. The polite attentions to Mr. Lake, as curate, had been remarkable; to Mr. Lake, as rector, they were unique. Mrs. Topcroft's door was besieged with notes and parcels. The notes contained invitations to teas and dinners, the parcels small offerings to himself. A parson about to set up house-keeping naturally wants all kinds of articles; and the ladies of St. Matthew's were eager to supply contributions. Slippers fell to a discount, purses and silk watch-guards ditto. More useful things replaced them. Ornamental baskets for the mantelpiece, little match-boxes done in various devices, card-racks hastily painted, serviette rings composed of colored beads, pincushions and scent-mats for the dressing-table, with lots more things that I can't remember. These were all got up on the spur of the moment; more elaborate presents, that might take weeks to complete, were put in hand. Chair and ottoman seats to be worked in wool or silks, banner-screens for the mantelpiece as elaborate as Emma Topcroft's wax flowers to be preserved under a glass case, beautiful antimacassars, costly cushions for sofas, knitted counterpanes, carved leather picture-frames, and so on—you never heard of such a list. In vain Mr. Lake entreated them not to do these things; not to send *anything*; not to trouble themselves about him, assuring them it made him most uncomfortable; that he preferred not to receive presents of any kind: and he said it so emphatically, they might see he was in earnest. All the same. He might as well have talked to the moon. The ladies laughed, and worked on. Daisy Dutton had the impudence to dress a wax doll to send him; it was the only sort of work she knew how to do, she said, and perhaps he'd accept it for that reason: when every lady was working for him, *she* did not like to be the only idle one left out.

"Mrs. Topcroft, I think you had better refuse to take the parcels in," he said to her one day, when a huge packet had arrived, which proved to be a market-basket, sent conjointly by three old maiden sisters. I don't wish to be rude, or do anything that would hurt kind people's feelings; but, upon my word, I should like to send all the things back again with thanks."

"They would put them into the empty rectory if I did not take them in," returned Mrs. Topcroft. "The only way to

stop it is to talk to the ladies yourself. Senseless girls!"

Mr. Lake did talk—as well, and as impressively as he knew how. It made not the slightest impression; and the small presents flocked in as before. Mrs. Jonas did not brew a "blessed great jug of camomile tea," as did one of the admirers of Mr. Weller, the elder; but she did brew some "ginger cordial," from a valued receipt of her late husband, the colonel, and sent it, corked up in two ornamental bottles with her best regards. The other widow, Mrs. Herriker, was embroidering a magnificent table-cover, working against time.

We had the felicity of tasting the ginger cordial. Mrs. Jonas gave a small "at home," and brought out a bottle of it as we were leaving. Cattleton sniffed at her liqueur-glass surreptitiously before drinking it.

"The chief ingredient in that stuff is rum," she avowed to me as we walked home, stretching up her neck in displeasure. "*Pineapple rum!* My nose could not be mistaken."

"The cordial was very good," I answered. "Rum's not a bad thing, Miss Cattleton."

"Not at all bad, Johnny," laughed Miss Deveen. "An old sailor uncle of mine, who had been round the world and back again more times than he could count, looked upon it as the panacea for all earthly ills."

"Anyway, before I would lay myself out to catch Mr. Lake, as that widow woman does, and as some others are doing, I would hide my head forever," retorted Cattleton. And, to give her her due, though she did look upon the parson as safe to fall to her own lot, she did not fish for him. No presents, large or small, went out from her hands.

That week we dined in Upper Brook Street; Miss Deveen, Mr. Brandon, the new rector, and I; and two strange ladies whom we did not previously know. Mr. Brandon took Anne in to dinner; she put me on her left hand at table, and told me she and Sir Robert hoped I should often go to see them at Bellwood.

"My husband has taken such a fancy to you, Johnny," she whispered. "He does rather take likes and dislikes to people—just as I know you do. He says he took a great liking to me the first time he ever spoke to me. Do you remember it, Johnny?—you were present. We were kneeling in the parlor at Maythorn Bank. You were deep in that child's book of

mine, '*Les contes de ma bonne*,' and I had those cuttings of plants, which I had brought from France, spread out on newspapers on the carpet, when Sir Robert came in at the glass doors. That was the first time he spoke to me; but he had seen me at Timberdale church the previous day. Papa and I and you walked over there; and a very hot day it was, I remember."

"That Sir Robert should take a liking to you, Anne, was only a matter of course; other people have done the same," I said, calling her "Anne" unconsciously, my thoughts back in the past. "But I don't understand why he should take a liking to me."

"Don't you?" she returned. "I can tell you that he has taken it—a wonderful liking. Why, Johnny, if my little baby girl were twenty years older, you would only need to ask and have her. I'm not sure but he'd offer her to you without asking."

We both laughed so, she and I, that Sir Robert looked down the table, inquiring what our mirth was. Anne answered that she would not forget to tell him later.

"So mind, Johnny, that you come to Bellwood as often as you please whenever you are staying at Crabb Cot. Robert and I would both like it."

And perhaps I may as well mention here that, although the business which had brought Mr. Brandon to London was concluded, he did not go home. When that event would take place, or how long it would be, appeared to be hidden in the archives of the future. For a certain matter had arisen to detain him.

Mr. Brandon had a nephew in town, a young medical student, of whom you once heard him say that he was "going to the bad." By what we learnt now, the young fellow appeared to have gone to it; and Mr. Brandon's prolonged stay was connected with this.

"I shall see you into a train at Paddington, Johnny," he said to me, "and you must make your way home alone. For all I know, I may be kept here for weeks."

But Miss Deveen would not hear of this. "Mr. Brandon remains on for his own business, Johnny, and you shall remain for my pleasure," she said to me in her warm manner. "I had meant to ask Mr. Brandon to leave you behind him."

And that is how I was enabled to see the play played out between the ladies and the new rector. I did wonder which

of them would win the prize; I'd not have betted upon Cattledon. It also caused me to see something of another play that was being played in London just then; not a comedy but a tragedy. A fatal tragedy, which I may tell of some-time.

II.

ALL unexpectedly a most distressing rumor set in; and though none knew whence it arose, a conviction of its truth took the parish by storm. Mr. Lake was about to be married! Distressing it was, and no mistake: for each individual lady had good cause to know that *she* was not the chosen bride, being unpleasantly conscious that Mr. Lake had not asked her to be.

Green-eyed jealousy seized upon the community. They were ready to rend one another's veils. The young ladies vowed it must be one or other of those two designing widows; Mrs. Jonas and Mrs. Herriker, on their parts, decided it was one of those minxes of girls. What with ladylike innuendoes pitched at each other personally, and sharp hints levelled apparently at the air, all of which provoked retort, the true state of the case disclosed itself pretty clearly to the public—that neither widows nor maidens were being thought of by Mr. Lake.

And yet—that the parson had marriage in view seemed to be certain; the way in which he was furnishing his house proved it. No end of things were going into it—at least, if vigilant eyes might be believed—that could be of no use to a bachelor parson. There must be a lady in the case—and Mr. Lake had not a sister.

With this apparent proof of what was in the wind, and with the conviction that not one of themselves had been solicited to share his hearth and home—as the widow Herriker poetically put it—the world was at a nonplus; though polite hostilities were not much less freely exchanged. Suddenly the general ill-feeling ceased. One and all metaphorically shook hands and made common cause together. A frightful conviction had set in—it must be Emma Topcroft.

Miss Cattledon was the first to scent the fox. Cattledon herself. She—but I had better tell it in order.

It was Monday morning, and we were at breakfast: Cattledon pouring out the coffee, and taking anxious glances upwards through the open window between whiles. What could be seen of the sky

was blue enough, but clouds, some dark, some light, were passing rapidly over it.

"Are you fearing it will rain, Miss Cattledon?"

"I am, Johnny Ludlow. I thought," she added, turning to Miss Deveen, "of going after that chair this morning, if you have no objection, and do not want me."

"Go by all means," returned Miss Deveen. "It is time the chair went, Jemima, if it is to go at all. Take Johnny with you: he would like the expedition. As for myself, I have letters to write that will occupy me the whole of the morning."

Miss Cattledon wished to buy an easy-chair that would be comfortable for an aged invalid, her sick aunt at Chelmsford. But, as Miss Cattledon's purse was not as large as her merits, she meant to get a second-hand chair, which are often just as good as new. Dr. Galliard, who knew all about invalid-chairs and everything else, advised her to go to a certain shop in Oxford Street, where they sold most kinds of furniture, old and new. So we agreed to go this same morning. Cattledon, however, would not miss the morning service; trust her for that.

"It might do *you* no harm to attend for once, Johnny Ludlow."

Thus admonished, I went over with her and reaped the benefit of the young deacon's ministry. Mr. Lake did not make his appearance at all; quite an unusual omission. I don't think it pleased Cattledon.

"We had better start at once, Johnny Ludlow," she said to me as we came out; and her tone might have turned the very sweetest of cream to curds and whey. "Look at those clouds! I believe it is going to rain."

So we made our way to an omnibus, then on the point of starting, got in, and were set down at the shop in Oxford Street. Cattledon described what she wanted; and the young man invited us to walk up-stairs.

Dodging our way dexterously through the things that crowded the shop, and up the narrow staircase, we reached a room that seemed, at first sight, big enough to hold half the furniture in London.

"This way, ma'am," said the young man who had marshalled us up. "Invalid-chairs," he called out, turning us over to another young man, who came forward—and shot down-stairs again himself.

Cattledon picked her way in and out amid the things, I following. Half-way

down the room she stopped to admire a tall, inlaid cabinet, that looked very beautiful.

"I never come to these places without longing to be rich," she whispered to me with a sigh, as she walked on. "One of the pleasantest interludes in life, Johnny Ludlow, must be to have a good house to furnish and plenty of money to—dear me!"

The exceeding surprise of the exclamation following the break-off, caused me to look round. We were passing a side opening, or wing of the room; a wing that seemed to be filled with bedsteads and bedding. Critically examining one of the largest of these identical bedsteads stood the Reverend William Lake and Emma Topcroft.

So entranced was Cattledon that she never moved hand or foot, simply stood still and gazed. They, absorbed in their business, did not see us. The parson seemed to be trying the strength of the iron, shaking it with his hand; Emma was poking and patting at the mattress.

"Good heavens!" faintly ejaculated Cattledon; and she looked as if about to faint.

"The washhand-stands are round this way, and the chests of drawers also," was called out at this juncture from some unknown region, and I knew the voice to be Mrs. Topcroft's. "You had better come if you have fixed upon the beds. The double stands look extremely convenient."

Cattledon turned back the way she had come, and stalked along, her head in the air. Straight down the stairs went she, without vouchsafing a word to the wondering attendant.

"But, madam, is there not anything I can show you?" he enquired, arresting her.

"No, young man, not anything. I made a mistake in coming here."

The young man looked at the other young man down in the shop, and tapped his finger on his forehead suggestively. They took her to be crazy.

"Barefaced effrontery!" I heard her ejaculate to herself: and I knew she did not allude to the young men. But never a word to me spoke she.

Peering about, on this side of the street and on that, she espied another furniture shop, and went into it. Here she found the chair she wanted; paid for it, and gave directions for it to be sent to Chelmsford.

That what we had witnessed could have

but one meaning—the speedy marriage of Mr. Lake with Emma Topcroft—Cattledon looked upon as a dead certainty. Had an astrologer who foretells the future come forth to read the story differently, Cattledon would have turned a deaf ear. Mrs. Jonas happened to be sitting with Miss Deveen when we got home; and Cattledon, in the fullness of her outraged heart, let out what she had seen. She had felt so sure of Mr. Lake!

Naturally, as Mrs. Jonas agreed, it could have but one meaning. She took it up accordingly, and hastened forth to tell it. Ere the sun went down, it was known from one end of the parish to the other that Emma Topcroft was to be Mrs. Lake.

"A crafty, wicked hussy!" cried a chorus of tongues. "She, with that other woman, her mother, to teach her, has cast her spells over the poor, weak man, and he has been unable to escape!"

Of course it did seem like it. It continued to seem like it as the week went on. Never a day dawned but the parson and Emma went to town by an omnibus, looking at things in this mart, buying in that. It became known that they had chosen the carpets: Brussels for the sitting-rooms, color green; drugget for the bed-chambers, Turkey pattern: Mrs. Jonas fished it out. How that impudent girl could have the face to go with him upon such errands, the parish could not understand. It's true Mrs. Topcroft always made one of the party, but what of that?

Could anything be done? Any means devised to arrest the heresy and save him from his dreadful fate? Sitting nose and knees together at one another's houses, their cherished work all thrown aside, the ladies congregated daily to debate the question. They did not quite see their way clear to warn the parson that Emma was neither more nor less than a Mephistophiles in petticoats. They would have assured herself of the fact with the greatest pleasure had that been of any use. How sly he was, too—quite unworthy of his cloth! While making believe to be a poor man, he must have been putting by a nice nest-egg; else how could he buy all that furniture?

Soon another phase of the affair set in: one that puzzled them exceedingly. It came about through an ebullition of temper.

Mrs. Jonas had occasion to call upon the rector one afternoon, concerning some trouble that turned up in the parish: she

being a district visitor and presiding at the mothers' meetings. Mr. Lake was not at home. Emma sat in the parlor alone, stitching away at new table-cloths and sheets.

"He and mamma went out together after dinner," said Emma, leaving her work to hand a chair to Mrs. Jonas. "I should not wonder if they are gone to the house. The carpets were to be laid down to-day."

She looked full at Mrs. Jonas as she said it, never blushing, never faltering. What with the bold avowal, what with the sight of the sheets and the table linen, and what with the wretched condition of affairs, the disappointment at heart, the discomfort altogether, Mrs. Jonas lost her temper.

"How dare you stand there with a bold face and acknowledge such a thing to me, you unmaidenly girl?" cried the widow, her anger bubbling over as she dashed away the offered chair. "The mischief you are doing poor Mr. Lake is enough, without boasting of it."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Emma, opening her eyes wide, and feeling more inclined to laugh than to cry, for her mood was ever sunny, "what *am* I doing to him?"

How Mrs. Jonas spoke out all that was in her mind, she could never afterwards recall. Emma Topcroft, gazing and listening, could not remain ignorant of her supposed fault now; and she burst into a fit of laughter. Mrs. Jonas longed to box her ears. She regarded it as the very incarnation of impudence.

"Marry me! *Me!* Mr. Lake! My goodness!—what *can* have put such a thing into all your heads?" cried Emma, in a rapture of mirth. "Why, he is forty-five if he's a day! He'd not think of me: he couldn't. He came here when I was a little child: he does not look upon me as much else yet. Well, *if* never!"

And the words came out in so impromptu a fashion, the surprise was so honestly genuine, that Mrs. Jonas saw there must be a mistake somewhere. She took the rejected chair then, her fears relieved, her tone softened, and began casting matters about in her mind; still not seeing any way out of them.

"Is it your mother he is going to marry?" cried she, the lame solution presenting itself to her thoughts, and speaking it out on the spur of the moment. It was Emma's turn to be vexed now.

"Oh, Mrs. Jonas, how can you!" she

cried with spirit. "My poor old mother!" And somehow Mrs. Jonas felt humiliated, and bit her lips in vexation at having spoken at all.

"He evidently *is* going to be married," she urged presently, returning to the charge.

"He is not going to marry me," said Emma, threading her needle. "Or to marry my mother either. I can say no more than that."

"You have been going to London with him to choose some furniture: bedsteads, and carpets and things," contended Mrs. Jonas.

"Mamma has gone with him to choose it all: Mr. Lake would have got finely taken in, with his inexperience. As to me, I wanted to go too, and they let me. They said it would be as well that young eyes should see as well as theirs, especially the colors of the carpets and the patterns of the crockery ware."

"What a misapprehension it has been!" gasped Mrs. Jonas.

"Quite so—if you mean about me," agreed Emma. "I like Mr. Lake very much; I respect him above everybody in the world; but for anything else—such a notion never entered my head; and I am sure it would not enter his."

Mrs. Jonas, bewildered, but intensely relieved, wished Emma good afternoon civilly, and went away to enlighten the world. A reaction set in: hopes rose again to fever heat. If it was neither Emma Topcroft nor her mother, why it must be somebody else, argued the ladies, old and young, and perhaps she was not chosen yet; and the next day they were running about the parish more than ever.

III.

SEATED in her drawing-room, in her own particular elbow-chair, in the twilight of the summer's evening, was Miss Deveen. Near to her, telling a history, his voice low, his conscious face slightly flushed, sat the rector of St. Matthew's. The scent from the garden flowers came pleasantly in at the open window; the moon, high in the heavens, was tinting the trees with her silvery light. One might have taken them for two lovers, sitting there to exchange vows, and going in for romance.

Miss Deveen was at home alone. I was escorting that other estimable lady to a "penny reading" in the adjoining district, St. Jude's, at which the clergy of the neighborhood were expected to gather in full force, including the rector of St. Mat-

thew's. It was a special reading, sixpence admission, got up for the benefit of St. Jude's vestry fire-stove, which wanted replacing with a new one. Our parish, including Cattledon, took up the cause with zeal, and would not have missed the reading for the world. We flocked to it in numbers.

Disappointment was in store for some of us, however, for the rector of St. Matthew's did not appear. He called, instead, on Miss Deveen, confessing that he had hoped to find her alone, and to get half an hour's conversation with her; he had been wishing for it for some time, as he had a tale to tell.

It was a tale of love. Miss Deveen, listening to it in the soft twilight, could but admire the man's constancy of heart and his marvellous patience.

In the west of England, where he had been curate before coming to London, he had been very intimate with the Gibson family—the medical people of the place. The two brothers were in partnership, James and Edward Gibson. Their father had retired upon a bare competence, for village doctors don't often make fortunes, leaving the practice to these two sons. The rest of his sons and daughters were out in the world—Mrs. Topcroft was one of them. William Lake's father had been the incumbent of this parish, and the Lakes and the Gibsons were ever close friends. The incumbent died; another parson was appointed to the living; and subsequently William Lake became the new parson's curate, upon the enjoyable stipend of fifty pounds a year. How ridiculously improvident it was of the curate and Emily Gibson to fall in love with one another, wisdom could testify. They did, and there was an end of it, and went in for all kinds of rose-colored visions after the fashion of such-like poor mortals in this lower world. And when he was appointed to the curacy of St. Matthew's in London, upon a whole one hundred pounds a year, these two people thought Dame Fortune was opening her favors upon them. They plighted their troth solemnly, and exchanged broken sixpences.

Mr. Lake was thirty-one years of age then, and Emily was nineteen. He counted forty-five now, and she thirty-three. Thirty-three! Daisy Dutton would have tossed her little impertinent head, and classed Miss Gibson with the old ladies at the alms houses, who were verging on ninety.

Fourteen summers had drifted by since

that troth-plighting; and the lovers had been living—well, not exactly upon hope, for hope seemed to have died out completely; and certainly not upon love, for they did not meet: better say, upon disappointment. Emily, the eldest daughter of the younger of the two brothers, was but one of several children, and her father had no fortune to give her. She kept the house, her mother being dead, and saw to the younger children, patiently training and teaching them. And any chance of brighter prospects appeared to be so very hopeless, that she had long ago ceased to look for it.

As to William Lake, coming up to London all cock-a-hoop with his rise in life, he soon found realization not answer to expectation. He found that a hundred a year in that expensive metropolis, did not go so very much further than his fifty pounds went in the cheap and remote village. Whether he and Emily had indulged a hope of setting up housekeeping on the hundred a year, they best knew; it might be good in theory, it was not to be accomplished in practice. It's true that money went further in those days than it goes in these; still, without taking into calculation future incidental expenses that marriage might bring in its train, they were not silly enough to risk it. For contingencies arise in most new households, as the world knows; the kitchen chimney may fall down some windy morning, and it costs money to build it up again.

When William Lake had been five years at St. Matthew's, and found he remained just as he was, making both ends meet upon the pay, and saw no vista of being anywhere else to the end, or of gaining more, he wrote to release Emily from her engagement. The heartache at this was great on both sides, not to be got over lightly. Emily did not rebel; did not remonstrate. A sensible, good, self-enduring girl, she would not for the world have crossed him, or added to his care; if he thought it right that they should no longer be bound to one another, it was not for her to think differently. So the plighted troth was recalled, and the broken sixpences were despatched back again. Speaking in theory, that is, you understand: practically, I don't in the least know whether the sixpences were returned or kept. It must have been a farce altogether, take it at the best: for they had just gone on silently caring for each other; patiently bearing—perhaps in a corner of their hearts

even slightly hoping—all through these later years.

Miss Deveen drew a deep breath as the rector's voice died away in the stillness of the room. What a number of these long-enduring, silently-borne cases the world could tell of, and how deeply she pitied them, was very present to her then.

"You are not affronted at my disclosing all this so fully, Miss Deveen?" he asked, misled by her silence. "I wished to —"

"Affronted!" she interposed. "Nay, how could I be? I am lost in the deep sympathy I feel—with you and with Emily Gibson. What a trial it has been!—how hopeless it must have appeared! You will marry now."

"Yes. I could not bring myself to disclose this abroad prematurely," he added; "though perhaps I ought to have done it before beginning to furnish the house. I find that some of my friends, suspecting something from that fact, have been wondering whether I was thinking of Emma Topcroft. Though indeed I feel quite ashamed to repeat to you any idea that is so obviously absurd, poor little girl!"

Miss Deveen burst out laughing. "How did you hear that?" she asked.

"From Emma herself. She heard of it from—from Mrs. Jonas, I think it was—and repeated it to me, and to her mother, in the highest state of glee. To Emma it seemed only fun: she is young and thoughtless."

"I conclude Emma has known of your engagement?"

"Only lately. Mrs. Topcroft knew of it from the beginning: Emily is her niece. She knew also that I released Emily from the engagement years ago, and she thought I did rightly, my future being so hopeless. But how very silly people must be to suppose I could think of that child Emma! I must set them right."

"Never you mind the people," cried Miss Deveen. "Don't set them right until you feel quite inclined to do it. As to that, I believe Emma has done it already. How long is it that you and Emily have waited for one another?"

"Fourteen years."

"Fourteen years! It seems like a lifetime. Do not let another day go on, Mr. Lake; marry at once."

"That was one of the points on which I wished to ask your opinion," he rejoined, his tone taking a hesitating turn, his face shrinking from the moonlight.

"Do you think it would be wrong of me to marry—almost directly? Would it be at all unseemly?"

"Wrong? Unseemly?" cried Miss Deveen. "In what way?"

"I hardly know. It may appear to the parish so very hurried. And it is but a short time since my kind rector died."

"Never you mind the parish," reiterated Miss Deveen. "The parish would fight at your marriage, though it were put off for a twelvemonth; be sure of that. As to Mr. Selwyn, he was no relative of yours. Surely you have waited long enough! Were I your promised wife, sir, I'd not have you at all unless you married me to-morrow morning."

They both laughed a little. "Why should the parish fight at my marriage, Miss Deveen?" he suddenly asked.

"Why?" she repeated; thinking how entirely void of conceit he was, how unconscious he had been all along in his deprecating modesty. "Oh, people always grumble at everything, you know. If you were to remain single, they would say you ought to marry; and if you marry, they'll think you might as well have remained single. *Don't* trouble your head about the parish, and don't tell anybody a syllable beforehand if you'd rather not. I shouldn't."

"You have been so very kind to me always, Miss Deveen, and I have felt more grateful than I can say. I hope—I hope you will like my wife. I hope you will allow me to bring her here, and introduce her to you."

"I like her already," said Miss Deveen. "As to your bringing her here, if she lived near enough you should both come here to your wedding breakfast. What a probation it has been!"

The tears stood in his grey eyes. "Yes, it has been that; a trial hardly to be imagined. I don't think we quite lost heart, either she or I. Not that we have ever looked to so bright an ending as this; but we knew that God saw all things, and we were content to leave ourselves in his hands."

"I am sure that she is good and estimable! One to be loved."

"Indeed she is. Few are like her."

"Have you never met—all these fourteen years?"

"Yes; three or four times. When I have been able to take a holiday I have gone down there to my old rector; he was always glad to see me. It has not been often, as you know," he added.

"Mr. Selwyn could not spare me."

"I know," said Miss Deveen. "He took all the holidays, and you all the work."

"He and his family seemed to need them," spoke the clergyman from his unselfish heart. "Latterly, when Emily and I have met, we have only allowed it to be as strangers."

"Not quite as strangers, surely!"

"No, no; I used the word thoughtlessly. I ought to have said as friends."

"Will you pardon me for the question I am about to ask you, and not attribute it to impertinent curiosity?" resumed Miss Deveen. "How have you found the money to furnish your house? Or are you doing it on credit?"

His whole face lighted up with smiles. "The money is Emily's, dear Miss Deveen. Her father, Edward Gibson, sent me his cheque for three hundred pounds, saying it was all he should be able to do for her, but he hoped it might be enough for the furniture."

Miss Deveen took his hands in hers as he rose to leave. "I wish you both all the happiness that the world can give," she said, in her earnest tones. "And I think—I feel sure—Heaven's blessing will rest upon you."

We turned out from the penny reading like bees from a hive, openly wondering what could have become of Mr. Lake. Mrs. Jonas hoped his head was not splitting—she had seen him talking to Miss Cattledon long enough in the afternoon in that hot King's Road to bring on a sunstroke. Upon which Cattledon retorted that the ginger cordial might have disagreed with him. With the clearing up as to Emma Topcroft, these slight amenities had recommenced.

Miss Deveen sat reading by lamp-light when we got home. Taking off her spectacles, she began asking us about the penny reading; but never a hint gave she that she had had a visitor.

Close upon this Mr. Lake took a week's holiday, leaving that interesting young deacon as his substitute, and a brother rector to preach on the Sunday morning. Nobody could divine what on earth he had gone out for, as Mrs. Herriker put it, or what part of the world he had betaken himself to. Miss Deveen kept council; Mrs. Topcroft and Emma never opened their lips.

The frightful truth came out one morning, striking the parish all of a heap. They read it in the *Times*, amidst the marriages. "The Reverend William

Lake, Rector of St. Matthew's, to Emily Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Gibson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons." Indignation set in.

"I have heard of gay deceivers," gasped Miss Barlow, who was at the least as old as Cattledon, and sat in the churchwarden's pew at church, "but I never did hear of deceit such as this. And for a clergyman to be guilty of it!"

"I'm glad I sent him a doll," giggled Daisy Dutton. "I dare say it is a doll he has gone and married."

This was said in the porch, after morning prayers. While they were all at it, talking as fast as tongues could go, Emma Topcroft chanced to pass. They pounced upon her forthwith.

"Married! Oh yes, of course he is married; and they are coming home on Saturday," said Emma, in response.

"Is she a doll?" cried Daisy.

"She is about the nicest girl you ever saw," returned Emma; "though of course not much of a girl now; and they have waited for one another fourteen years."

Fourteen years! Thoughts went back, in mortification, to slippers and cushions. Mrs. Jonas cast regrets to her ginger cordial.

"Of course he has a right to be engaged—and to have slyly kept it to himself, making believe he was a free man; but to go off surreptitiously to his wedding without a word to anybody!—I don't know what *he* may call it," panted Mrs. Herriker, in virtuous indignation, "I call it conduct unbefitting a gentleman. He could have done no less had he been going to his hanging."

"He would have liked to speak, I think, but could not get up courage for it; he is the shyest man," cried Emma. "But he did not go off surreptitiously: some people knew of it. Miss Deveen knew—and Dr. Galliard knew—and we knew—and I feel nearly sure Mr. Chisholm knew, he simpered so the other day when he called for the books. I dare say Johnny Ludlow knew."

All of which was so much martyrdom to Jemima Cattledon, listening with a face of vinegar. Miss Deveen!—and Johnny Ludlow!—and those Topcrofts!—while *she* had been kept in the dark! She jerked up her skirts to cross the wet road, inwardly vowing never to put faith in surplined man again.

We went to church on Sunday morning to the sound of the ting-tang. Mr. Lake, looking calm and cool as usual, was stepping into the reading-desk: in the rector's

pew sat a quiet-looking and quietly-dressed young lady with what Miss Deveen called, then and afterwards, a sweet face. Daisy Dutton took a violent fancy to her at first sight: truth to say, so did I.

Our parish — the small knot of weekday church-goers in it — could not get over it at all. Moreover, just at this time they lost Mr. Chisholm, whose year was up. Some of them "went over" to St. Jude's in a body; that church having recently set up daily services, and a most desirable new curate who could "intone." "As if we would attend that slow old St. Matthew's now, to hear that slow old parson Lake!" cried Mrs. Herriker, craning her neck disparagingly.

The disparagement did not affect William Lake. He proved as indefatigable as rector as he had been as curate, earning the golden opinions he deserved. And he and his wife were happy.

But he would persist in declaring that all the good which had come to him was owing to me; that but for my visit to London at that critical time, Sir Robert Tenby would never have heard there was such a man as himself in the world.

"It is true, Johnny," said Miss Deveen. "But you were only the humble instrument in the hand of God."

JOHNNY LUDLOW.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CRIMINAL CODE OF THE JEWS.

IX.

SOME MISCELLANEOUS ENACTMENTS. — THE "LEX TALIONIS." — CONCLUSION.

THE Hebrew penal code necessarily includes a number of miscellaneous enactments not reducible under general headings. Many of these are interesting. The Talmud, for example, recognizes justifiable homicide. Under certain circumstances it was permissible to kill a would-be criminal, in order to prevent the commission of either murder or adultery — as the Ghemara puts it, "to save an innocent man's life or a woman's honor." In self-defence; likewise to protect one's person or property against footpads or burglars it was of course allowable to take away life. Any offence perpetrated under compulsion or in mortal fear was excusable in the eyes of the law — excepting only murder and adultery. If a man was threatened with death unless he consented to assassinate a neighbor, he was

directed rather to die than slay an innocent person. Similarly, the Talmud enjoins every man to prefer death to dishonoring under compulsion an innocent woman. In times of religious persecution it was forbidden to violate in public the ordinances of the Bible. But the conditions constituting such violation were clearly discriminated. A man might attend to an idol, he might wash and anoint it, bring wood and lights to pagan temples; but if ordered under penalty of death to publicly acknowledge an image as his God he was bound to refuse. If a pagan commanded a Jew to cut grass for his horse on the Sabbath day he might do so; but if ordered to cut the fodder and throw it into the river (*i.e.* needlessly to desecrate his faith) he was not permitted to comply. Another injunction of the Mosaic code — copied from the laws of the Egyptians — required a man to risk even his life when he saw a fellow-man in danger, under the penalty of flogging. (The Egyptians punished the omission with stripes or three days' imprisonment without food.) Stealing a fellow-Jew and selling him was, as we have already said, a capital crime. Stealing and concealing a man entailed upon the offender public flogging. An elder or judge who simply taught in contravention of the traditions of the Great Synhedrin of Jerusalem was not condemned to death unless he rendered decisions in accordance with his heterodox views and saw his judgments carried into effect. A criminal three times convicted and punished for an offence — adultery, paganism, perjury, etc. — entailing flogging was imprisoned for life. An offender who succeeded in escaping when led to execution was not reconducted, when recaptured, to the tribunal by which he was tried and condemned. Two witnesses deposed to the fact of his conviction before the nearest Synhedrin, and the sentence was thereupon carried out. A person tried for two crimes, each entailing a different kind of death, and convicted of both, was punished with the least painful of the two modes of execution. Two persons charged with a capital offence would not be heard and judged on the same day; not even if paramours in adultery. Confiscation of property was unknown to the Hebrew law, a malefactor's possessions always descending to the natural heritors. Double punishment — *bis in idem* — such as the payment of a pecuniary penalty in addition to flogging, was not permissible, except in the one instance where the in-

fiction of both is specially prescribed in the Pentateuch.

In the Talmudic age a number of the Mosaic laws had become mere anachronisms. Some were impracticable; others were not understood; many had in course of time fallen into desuetude. Among such ordinances was the injunction of the Pentateuch regarding the punishment of a stubborn and rebellious son. Of this commandment the Ghemara — by the dicta of Rabbi Simon — observes: "The Biblical law concerning a stubborn and rebellious son never has been and never can be practically applied. If we nevertheless study it, it is simply as one does a literary exercise." Similarly, the Mosaic enactment in accordance with which a city given to idolatry was ordered to be destroyed had become a pure anachronism in the later days of the Jewish nationality. According to opinion in the Talmud this law could not have been carried into effect at any period. And the penal code further took no longer any cognizance of a large class of offences known as acts of omission. An extremely important ordinance of the Pentateuch concerning the punishment of perjurers was imperfectly understood by the rabbins. The apparently simple law which determined the penalty incurred by witnesses whose evidence was proved to be false was beset with difficulties, and found inapplicable to the times. The Ghemara declares through Rabba that the "Mosaic injunction which condemns the witness who is perjured by proving an alibi against him is a *hidousch* — a law we are not able to explain or comprehend."

Among the ordinances of Moses of which no trace is to be found in the Talmud is the so-called *lex talionis*. More nonsense has probably been written respecting this law of retaliation — which crops up in every code of antiquity — than would fill the proverbial bushel a goodly number of times. It is generally quoted as satisfactorily demonstrating the harshness and severity of the punishments ordained in the Pentateuch. As in the case of the odium attached to the Greek legislator Draco, it furnishes another illustration of the vulgar adage about giving a dog an ill name. More than one theological school regard the dicta "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" as containing the very quintessence of the Hebrew penal code. Yet what is the truth? The *lex talionis* was simply a law by which a person deliberately and pur-

posely and maliciously inflicting upon another certain specified injuries was liable to have similar injuries inflicted upon his own person. This penalty was directed against a mode of vengeance extremely prevalent in ancient days. Mutilation, dismemberment, and similar eccentricities of our progenitors, "the children of the world," were common methods of hurting one's supposed enemies, especially in Eastern lands. There such practices are by no means forgotten even now. The object of the criminal was to palpably and visibly disfigure or emasculate his victim. In such cases what would have been the deterrent effect of a pecuniary indemnity, of incarceration, or even of corporal punishment? None whatever where a man had determined upon injuring his opponent in a manner sufficiently conspicuous to disgrace or dishonor him. Nothing but the *lex talionis* was likely to prove of service in preventing the commission of such inhuman and dastardly outrages. That the law was not otherwise applied by any nation we have ample evidence to show. Among the Greeks, for instance, who included this enactment in their ancient code, one of the principal functions of the second of the Athenian tribunals was to arrange between the murderer and the parents of his victim the payment of the blood-money authorized by the penal laws. To suppose that a man guilty of a capital offence should be condemned in a pecuniary penalty, while one accidentally injuring his neighbor was subject to the *lex talionis*, would be the height of absurdity. Among the Hebrews the necessity for preserving the law of retaliation as part of the legal code had disappeared long before the Talmudic period. In accordance with their traditions all cases of assault or wounding were punishable by fines, the offender making full and ample indemnity to the person hurt. Of the laws formulated by the rabbins and wholly unknown to the Pentateuch the most important is the "preliminary caution." We have, however, already explained the nature and purport of this remarkable institution of the Talmud.

The survey, necessarily brief and imperfect, here completed of the criminal laws of the Talmud will enable even those who "run and read" to form some idea of the Hebrew penal code, and the practical mode of administering justice as it prevailed among the Israelites of old. The simplicity of the organization, the mildness of the punishments, and the

humanity throughout apparent, may be left to speak for themselves. Before quitting the subject, a few words on the character of the men who framed and interpreted these enactments may not be amiss. The favorite accusation hurled at the heads of the rabbins (apart from the epithets "prejudiced" and "narrow-minded") is that they adhered to the letter of the law; that they did not inquire into the motives, into the spirit of its injunctions. Nothing can be more untrue; nothing more opposed to actual fact. He who would have proof of this need but read a single page of the Talmud, or have it read to him by some competent scholar. The adherence to the letter of the Pentateuch which is always recommended by the traditional school has a reason sound and practical. This is indicated in one of the most interesting bits of argument contained in the Treatise Synhedrin. Only one injunction in the five books of Moses is distinctly supplied with motive: the king is commanded not to take unto him a number of wives, in order that he may not be corrupted and led away to idolatry. Here the reason of the precept is distinctly given. The spirit, the essence of the enactment is that the sovereign be not seduced to paganism. The Talmud points out that the indication of the motive in this instance is calculated to produce the very contrary effect to that intended. For the following reason: "A good man reading it will say, as King Solomon did, The object of this command is to preserve me from idolatry; surely I need not fear being seduced to the worship of strange deities. I am not afraid of violating the spirit of the law; therefore I need not adhere to the letter of the precept, provided I bear in mind its purport. Yet the very self-confidence engendered by regarding the motive only caused the fall of the wisest of men. For he took him many wives and they did corrupt him."

As regards the narrow prejudices of the rabbins, it may be worth while again to call attention to the charge addressed to witnesses when about to give evidence, cautioning them against supposing that a Jew was superior to the men of other nations. Time after time the Talmud emphatically declares anent proselytism that it is not necessary to become a Hebrew in order to participate in a future existence. The Mishna, moreover, narrates how on the day of atonement, the most sacred and solemn fast of the year, when the Israelites sought pardon for

their sins, seventy-six additional sacrifices were offered in the Temple to procure remission for the iniquities committed by the seventy-six nations then supposed to exist. In the practical regulations of every-day life the same liberality is apparent. A pagan living among the Jews was not permitted to keep the seventh day as a Sabbath if he rested upon another day in accordance with the custom of his own people. "No man must be idle two days," remarks the Talmud, "in each week." A pagan who blasphemed the Almighty was not punished; "for," say the rabbins, "he does not believe in our God." These are somewhat unusual modes of manifesting narrow-mindedness and prejudice and bigotry.

Of the criminal code formulated by these rabbins it may fairly be said, in the words of an old Chinese adage, that "the pen of the law fears the thunder of heaven." Nothing, perhaps, can be more characteristic of the spirit of the Hebrew penal system, of its treatment of offenders, and of its modes of punishment than the graceful saying attributed in the Talmud to Berurah, wife of the pious Rabbi Meier and daughter of the no less renowned Chanina ben T'radon. The Rabbi Meier was plagued with some extremely wicked neighbors. Angered at their discreditable conduct, he cursed them. His gentle wife heard him. "Nay, my husband," she said, addressing him, "cease thou; call rather upon the Almighty to turn thine neighbors from their evil ways, that they die not. How says the sweet Psalmist of Israel? We do not find, 'Let sinners perish from off the earth,' but 'sins;' for if sin be destroyed and iniquity be blotted out, the earth will no longer be contaminated by sinners." In this spirit the Hebrew criminal laws were conceived, and in this spirit were they interpreted and administered.

From The Spectator.
DOUBTING DOUBT.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his address to the students of Glasgow, touched a point of great interest, which, of course, it was not possible for him to discuss at any length, when he recommended those of his hearers who were destined for the career of theology to meet doubt itself with doubt, — to test the springs of doubt with as searching a trial as that with which they test the springs of faith. Mr. Gladstone,

in fact, urged them to apply to the sceptical arguments of this age the process which Socrates, more than two thousand years ago, applied to the sceptical arguments of the Sophists, and which is so finely described by the author of "Songs of Two Worlds," in the passage in which he paints

that white soul, clothed with a satyr's form,
Which shone beneath the laurels day by day,
And fired with burning faith in God and right,
Doubted men's doubts away.

That that expression has a profound applicability to the questionings of Socrates, no reader of Plato will deny. When the Athenian man of the world came forward to throw doubt on the very existence of right and wrong, good and evil, and boldly declared his belief that only weak-minded conventionalists had any true faith in the distinction between personal ambition and rectitude, maintaining that the strong man should take what he could from the weak, and rule over him by virtue of his superior strength, Socrates applied to this creed of denial the touchstone of doubt, and "doubted its doubts away." He doubted who the strong man was, — whether he was also the wise man, or only the strong; he doubted whether those who were strong by force of numbers only, were or were not entitled to impose their strength on the few who were strong only by wisdom; he doubted whether to oppress and wrong others were or were not a greater evil, than to be oppressed and wronged by others; he doubted whether to multiply pleasures to the utmost were or were not a process likely to increase happiness, or whether one must needs also multiply, with the multiplication of one's pleasures, one's desires, cravings, longings, in short, the occasions of want and of dependence on external things. In a word, Socrates brought the most unscrupulous Athenians back to the recognition of a law of right and wrong by testing, at every point, the sufficiency of the law of supreme selfishness, and showing that it would break under far weaker trials than those by which the the man of the world imagined that he had exposed the weakness of the moral law. It is a similar species of doubt which Mr. Gladstone proposed to the Glasgow students to apply to the universal scepticism of modern thought. Meet those — he says in effect — who doubt whether faith has done what it ought, by doubting whether doubt has done or can do half as much. Meet those who doubt

whether the infinite is in any degree within our reach, with the doubt whether the finite is conceivable apart from the infinite. Meet those who doubt whether a book or creed arising in a particular age and country can possibly embody everlasting truth, with the doubt whether without a revelation and morality that is everlasting, you could have a progress that is so much as lasting. Meet those who doubt whether it is possible to get beyond conjecture as to the future life, with the doubt whether it is possible to reach even legitimate conjecture concerning the past only, without a confidence in the veracity of the human faculties which warrants far more than conjecture as to anything which they persistently assert. And so too, meet the doubt whether any evidence would justify the belief in miracle, by the doubt whether any evidence would justify that belief in the absolute uniformity of nature which alone makes a miracle incredible.

We go, then, heartily with Mr. Gladstone in his proposal, on all the fundamental lines of belief, to set off against the doubts of the doubters, the doubts which the doubters themselves excite. But of course there is a limit to the applicability of the principle, and it is this limit we wish, approximately at least, to define. It would clearly be quite illegitimate to set off against the doubts whether Charles I. wrote "Eikon Basilike," or whether William Tell shot the apple off his son's head, the doubt whether we have any right to doubt it. On all matters of mere history, it is obvious that without positive evidence of some sort, there is no preliminary excuse for belief. And if that positive evidence be exceedingly weak, the doubt ought to be exceedingly strong, and this without our having any right to doubt the foundation of our doubt. What, then, is the field within which you may say that there is at least as much *a priori* justification for doubting doubt, as there is for doubting assertion? We should reply, without hesitation, that whole field of thought in which we are dealing with the fundamental assumptions of the human mind, whatever these may be. It is a question for discussion, of course — for very much and very careful discussion, — what are these fundamental assumptions without the help of which the mind will not work at its full power at all, — without which the mind is crippled and paralyzed and embarrassed at every step, by want of confidence in its own structure, and in its own power to define its relations to life

beyond it. But whatever the proper limit of these assumptions is, — whether in the world of knowledge, or thought, or moral conviction, or expectation, or belief, — up to that limit, and no further, you have the right to meet doubt of the validity of these assumptions, by doubt of the validity of doubting these assumptions, — and we should add, have not only the right so to meet it, but are compelled so to meet it on the amply sufficient ground that to remain in doubt lands us in just as important and just as effectual a class of assumptions as to reject doubt, — only that it is effectual to paralyze us, instead of effectual to stimulate. Say, for instance, that what you doubt is the capacity of a finite being to hold any living relation with an infinite being. Well, that doubt, if you take your stand on it, has just as much positive effect as the belief which comes from rejecting it. In the grasp of that doubt, the mind turns away involuntarily from the contemplation of anything eternal, — practically holds all truths, however useful and lasting, to be quite provisional, — all affections, however deep and pure, to be transitory, — all conflicts and issues, however weighty, to be of measurable and limited significance, — and all expectations, however eager, to be doubtful in a degree depending chiefly on the time that has to elapse before they can be fulfilled, and on the prospect of a sufficiently prolonged existence for the being to whom they refer. No assumptions can be more important than these, or more productive of characteristic fruits. And, of course, they are assumptions. Whether they be true or false, is a question on which a great deal depends. If they be false assumptions, they are certainly also enfeebling assumptions, for in that case they would embarrass, and depress, and palsy a nature intended for communion with the infinite and eternal, and intended to enjoy the light and glow which the conviction of such communion inspires. If they be true assumptions, on the other hand, they would, of course, have the effect of vastly sobering a mind terribly prone to unreal visions and imaginary hopes. But who shall say whether such assumptions be true or false, except by comparing them with all the other assumptions on which man habitually acts, and of the practical value of which he has convinced himself, and seeing whether they are of like origin, and have like consequences? If the doubt is of the same kind with doubts which grow and strengthen with

our growing nature, we are apt to justify the doubt, to think it well grounded. On the other hand, if the doubt is of the same kind with doubts which are apt to dwindle and fade with our growing nature, we are wise to doubt the doubt, and reject it as alien to all within us which lives and grows. It was the conviction in Socrates that the doubts of the Sophists were alien to the healthy life of the soul and of the State, which made him so zealous to "doubt their doubts away." And so, if the doubts of the modern sceptics shall prove to be, as we expect, doubted away by the more masculine representatives of a reviving philosophy and religion, it will be because Agnosticism will be shown to have its principles closely intertwined with conditions of thought and conditions of character altogether incompatible with the fundamental axioms of human knowledge, human virtue, and human hope.

From The Pall Mall Budget.

CURIOSITIES OF TRADE IN CHINA.

OPIUM and cottons, and tea and silk, constitute in the estimation of most people the sum total of the foreign trade with China. To such generalizers ships' bills of lading are unknown documents; they do not know apparently that cottons and opium do not supply all that Chinamen seek from foreigners, and that the laboring classes of the empire are not all employed in cultivating tea and manufacturing silk. These articles are after all only the big fish which come to the trader's net; and when they fail, there are plenty of smaller fry which help to supply their place. The Chinese boast themselves of being a civilized people; but though their philosophy is creditable they are unable to provide their seamstresses with any but the clumsiest of needles, and though they can calculate eclipses with commendable accuracy they have failed to contrive anything better than flint and steel wherewith to light the wicks floating in oil which serve them for lamps. These imperfections in the domestic economy of the people being universal and ever-present cause the appearance of a box of Bryant and May's matches or a packet of Kirby's needles to be received with expressions of pleasure which would make excellent models for the conversational advertisements now the fashion. One can imagine how enthusiasts among the

purchasers of the seventy-five thousand one hundred and twenty-nine gross of matches imported into Tientsin alone last year would dilate on the superior ease with which they are now able to light their evening lamps, and how the female owners of the two hundred and seventy-two and one-half million of needles, which were fellow-voyagers with the matches, would chatter over the excellences of the foreign manufacture.

But many other things go to China besides needles and matches. Rhinoceros horns, tigers' bones, and deer and buffalo sinews are imported for the benefit of timid and sickly Chinamen, who seek by swallowing decoctions made from these promising substances to acquire some of the strength and courage of their original owners. And their is no lack of enthusiasm among Chinese *gourmets* for the succulent *bêche-de-mer*, which the shallow waters of the islands of the Pacific Ocean yield at their demand, or for the birds' nests which lend such a glutinous charm to their favorite soup. No other swallows in the world but those which build their nests in caves on the sea-cliffs of Java and Borneo are able to produce these last most precious delicacies. Newly-formed nests or nests in which the eggs are freshly laid are most prized; and these have to go through a process of cleansing before they are dried and despatched for the China market, where, however, if in prime condition, they reward their captors at the rate of 36s. per pound. Among more materially-minded purchasers window-glass, watches, dyes, paint, and other "sundries" find a ready sale; and peacocks' and kingfishers' feathers are eagerly bought up to adorn the hats of mandarins whom the emperor delights to honor and the headdresses of fashionable ladies.

In return for these and other imports China sends into the outer world medicines of far greater value than those she accepts from it; though she has evidently some customers who are fond of rare remedies, and who look with a strange faith to lily flowers, ginseng, and lotus nuts for relief from some of the ills which flesh is heir to. Even from the disease-begotten tuber known as China-root, which grows from the roots of unhealthy fir-trees, fanciful invalids extract a cure for diseases as unreal as the remedy employed to dispel them. Another export due to an unhealthy condition aggravated by an uncongenial climate is the white wax of Sze-chuen. In the Keen-chang

district of that province there grows in abundance the *Ligustrum lucidum*, an evergreen tree with pointed ovate leaves, on the twigs of which myriads of insects spread themselves like a brownish film, in the spring of each year. Presently the surface of the twigs becomes encrusted with a white waxy substance secreted by the insects, and it increases in quantity until the latter part of August, when the twigs are cut off and boiled in water. During this process the wax, rising to the surface, is skimmed off, and is then melted and allowed to cool in deep pans. By one of those curious accidents which have done so much to increase the knowledge of mankind, it was discovered that by transporting the insects bred in Keen-chang to the less congenial climate of Kea-ting Fu, in the north of the province, the amount of wax produced was vastly increased. No people more readily discern a commercial advantage, or more speedily take advantage of one when unencumbered with political considerations, than the Chinese; and this singular effect of removing the insects from a congenial climate to one so uncongenial as to prevent their breeding was eagerly taken advantage of by the Sze-chuen traders. Travellers by night on the high-road between Keen-chang and Kea-ting Fu may meet in the spring of the year hundreds of wax-merchants, each carrying his load of female insects, big with young, on their way to their wax-farms in Kea-ting Fu. The journey is rough and long, and a fortnight's sun would precipitate the hatching, which should take place after the females have been attached to the trees. To the unscientific eyes of Chinamen the round, pea-like female appears to be nothing more than an egg, and this belief is the more excusable since the birth of the young is the signal for the death of the parent, of whose previous existence there remains only as evidence an outer shell or husk. Six or seven of these prolific mothers are wrapped in a palm-leaf and tied to a branch of the *Ligustrum lucidum*. In a few days swarms of infinitesimally small insects creep forth and cluster on the twigs of the tree, where they fulfil their mission and perish with its accomplishment in the boiling-pot each August. Baron Richthofen considers the value of the annual crop to be on an average upwards of £650,000; and during last year there was exported from the one port of Hankow upwards of eighty-one thousand pounds' worth of it.

From The Spectator.

THE MARHATTA REBEL.

THE trial of Wassadeo Phadke for treason, at Poona, on November 5th, though little noticed in England, is a very noteworthy incident in Indian history. We were accused of unconscious exaggeration in our account of this man, published on May 24th; but the statements made at the trial justify every sentence we used about him. There have been trials of Mahomedans for treason before this, but his is the first instance we can recollect in which a Hindoo conspirator has been tried in open court for a definite attempt to overthrow the British government through a popular insurrection, and in which trustworthy evidence has been produced as to his objects and his plans. Wassadeo was no dacoit, but a rebel, who aimed at a throne, or at all events, at becoming the leading personage in a new native principality, and the account found on his person, when he was arrested, of his own proceedings is curiously illustrative both of the strength and of the weakness of our *régime*. Wassadeo, an educated Brahmin, according to English ideas—that is, educated in our colleges and our way—obtained some small appointment in a revenue office, and probably, in the opinion of his class, was an extremely fortunate man. He, however, had little prospect before him except of a long life as a clerk, he was a man of a dreamy ambition, and he was eaten up with envy. That, at least, we take to be the meaning of his frequent references to the oppressiveness of the salaries and pensions allowed to English officials, which naturally seem unjust to the permanent native staff of the offices, who think they do all the work, but which are far below the incomes that natives in the same position would have made irregularly, and which have never formed the ground of popular complaint. Wassadeo, however, pondered over them, until he came to hate the government under which such payments to foreigners were possible, and then, looking around, he found in the condition of his countrymen ample materials for disaffection. To use the powerful native expression, “his heart burnt within him” at the British *régime*—he could, as he says himself, neither eat nor sleep for it—and he resolved to overthrow it. His plan was the old native one, and was radically different from that of any European conspirator of modern times. He thought if he could get to-

gether a few brigands, he could commit some successful gang robberies, or possibly plunder a local treasury, then seize a jail, and release the convicts, probably fifteen hundred in number—numbers of them passed soldiers—and then, with a band so swollen, he might achieve a small success, which, exaggerated by native rumor, might attract to him an army. He himself, with cynical candor, confesses in his diary, of which unfortunately only detached portions are before us, that his main confidence was in the ignorance of his countrymen. The plan was, in principle, perfectly sound. Sivajee succeeded in just such an enterprise; and there is nothing in the condition of western India, *except* the British government, to render Sivajee’s plans unworkable. If Wassadeo had become a great brigand, he would have gathered a band; and the band, on the first success, would have become an army, with which he might have struck a stroke for the Marhatta cause. There would have been no opposition from the people, who all through understood that he was not a brigand, but a rebel; and while they refused to join him, as being too weak and timid, told him they would be glad to see the British overthrown; and when he was condemned, followed him through the streets of Poona, crying, “Victory to Wassadeo,”—a novel and not a pleasant phenomenon under our rule. Unfortunately for his career, Wassadeo, instead of trying to get together a band of roving soldiers in the Nizam’s country, an idea which afterwards occurred to him, and which he made an attempt to realize, betook himself to the ramoosies, or hereditary robbers by trade. They were willing enough to help him in dacoity, but they were unequal to rebellion, ran away at critical moments, and quarrelled about the booty. Even of them he never could get together the hundred men, with whom, as he says himself, he could have released the convicts and made a formidable band. His grand attack, therefore, failed; he sunk into a mere village dacoit, and he was forced at last to fly to the Nizam’s country, where he commenced hiring soldiers at ten rupees a month each, but where he was arrested by Major Daniell, whose determined pursuit, carried on day and night, proved too much even for a native’s power of endurance or of flight. He was tried fairly and openly in the old Marhatta capital, before a jury consisting of four Brahmins and a Jew; and as the government did not ask a capital sentence, in which

case the Brahmins would have hesitated, and as the evidence was quite irresistible, he was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life, we presume to the Andamans. It should be noted, as a singular illustration of the juxtaposition of two civilizations, that Wassadeo's counsel, a native, set up the newest scientific defence, and pleaded for acquittal on the ground that his client was a monomaniac, always dreaming of kingdoms, and had imagined all the occurrences written down in his diary, the heaviest evidence against him.

As we have said, the attempt illustrates at once the strength and the weakness of the British position in India. It is weak, because there must be thousands of men like Wassadeo, ambitious, semi-educated, and able men, who would risk life to overthrow British dominion, who enjoy the passive sympathy of masses of their countrymen, and who can appeal, in the first place, with a certain assurance of success to the multitudes of violent men who, armed with swords, spears, or matchlocks, are ready in any part of India for any violent or illegal enterprise. Wassadeo was unlucky, but had he carried out his second idea at first, he might easily have appeared in Poona with a determined band, have released the convicts, and have then gathered a force, as the new Sivajee, sufficient to be formidable. Tantia Topee, also a Marhatta, did it in 1857, though no doubt his force had a nucleus of regulars; and in the vast extent of western India men who can march thirty miles a day, and live on the plunder of small villages, can always escape pursuit for a time. But it is precisely at this point, when an insurrection has become successful enough to be visible, that the British government, at first so weak, becomes suddenly and irresistibly strong. The band, long screened by the tacit conspiracy of the people, is at last perceived by government, and instantly an organization is set in motion which it must either evade, or defeat, or perish under fire. Escape is impossible without subdivision, which means the dissolution of the band, for the government has cavalry, and the telegraph, and the command of endless spies; and in a week the armed police and soldiery of half-a-dozen districts are in motion to every point at which the insurgents may be expected, while so long as the band exists the pursuit is never given up. The only alternative is to fight, and a fight between native insurgents, however brave or determined, and the troops is,

after all, only a fight between a mob and regular soldiers. The defence, if the country is very difficult, may be protracted, as it has been in the, to us, unintelligible insurrection at Rampa, in suppressing which the Madras government seems, from some unknown cause, to be constantly baffled; but the soldiers, guided by trained officers, supported if needful by artillery, and fully supplied, can never be beaten in the end. The rank and file of the insurgents slip away, the ringleaders are either betrayed or surrender, or are hunted through India for months or years, and the end is a trial and an increase to the population of the Andamans. It is easy to see how a popular insurrection could succeed in the Deccan for a time, but almost impossible to perceive how, if the soldiers remained faithful, it could fail to be put down; and that is, no doubt, the native conviction also—a conviction which only disappears when a success, however trifling, has been gained over the troops, or a regiment itself has mutinied. Then the danger becomes real and great.

We see nothing for Englishmen to repent of in the trial or in the fate of Wassadeo. He may have a moral right of rebellion against the foreigner, but if we have any right to remain in India at all, we have a right to repress rebellion, and the anarchy it would be certain to produce. Men who attempt to overthrow established society, are properly compelled to do it under heavy penalties; and Wassadeo himself relied on the ignorance of the country-folk, while his patriotism was mixed up inextricably with personal envy and ambition. He desired to found a *raj* quite as strongly as to drive out the foreigner. But we may be allowed to regret that our system forbids us to make any adequate use of the talents men like Wassadeo must possess, or to offer them any legitimate career. He had not a chance in the world, however remote, of rising to the kind of position he thirsted for, unless he emigrated to a native state, and there attached himself to the household of some powerful noble. Wassadeo, though he became a dacoit, did not outrage his countrymen's notions of morality, and was porbably no worse than any Indian adventurer, while he was unusually free from bloodthirstiness. He would have made a good chief of police or head of a department in a native state, and it is difficult to doubt that the British method suppresses such men and their aspira-

tions a great deal too completely. There is no remedy, that we see, unless we allow natives of capacity to rise to principalities; and they can hardly display capacity, except by movements which native princes, like our own government, put down as insurrections. There is a source of weakness there, nevertheless, and some day the imprisoned air may explode the ice, the government and the missionaries together every year turning out thousands of students thirsty for careers which they can never hope to find. It is not pleasant to think of them, or any of them, in chains for treason at the Andamans.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
CHINESE COOKERY.

It is an error to suppose that Chinese of the wealthier class make their meals off the almost illimitable number of strange dishes which we read of in books of travel. These dishes exist and appear at official banquets, which, however, do not give a more correct idea of Chinese cooking than a public dinner in London or in Paris would of the achievements which a good *chef* in England or France could accomplish for a small party of *gourmets*. The big dinners of the kind described are generally given in China at restaurants, which, contrary to the general custom of the country, have two and even three stories, the kitchen and public room being on the ground floor, with private rooms on the floor above. A correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, who was present at a banquet given by a French official in the employ of the Chinese government to Chen Pao-Chen, the viceroy of the Two-Kiangs, after the examination of the students in the naval arsenal, sends the following as the bill of fare: "Four large 'classical' or stock dishes—swallows'-nest soup with pigeons' eggs, sharks' fins with crabs, trepang (*bêche-de-mer*) with wild duck, duck with cabbage. Dishes served in cups placed before each guest—swallows' nests, sharks' fins, wild cherries, vegetables, mushrooms with ducks' feet, quails, pigeons in slices, dish of sundries. Four medium-sized dishes—ham and honey, pea-soup, vegetables, trepang; four large dessert dishes—pea-cheese with bamboo-roots, bamboo-roots, chicken, shell-fish; four dishes of dry fruits as ornaments, four kinds of dry fruits, four kinds

of fruits in syrup, four kinds of fresh fruit; four dishes of *hors d'œuvre* (two varieties in each dish)—ham and chicken, fish and gizzard, tripe and vermicelli, duck and pork chops. Dishes set before each guest—almonds and watermelon pips, pears and oranges. Sweet and salt dishes served in cups set before each guest—two kinds of salted cakes, ham broth, a broth composed of pork, chicken, and crab boiled down, two sweet cakes, a cup of lotus fruit, a cup of almond milk. Roast and boiled meats—sucking pig, roast duck, boiled chicken, boiled pork. *Entremets*—a dish of cakes with broth, slices of pheasants. Last service: mutton broth, almond jelly, white cabbage, pork and broth, bowls of rice, cups of green tea." Many of these dishes are known to us in Europe, and appear to be more eccentric than in reality they are. Thus, for instance, the swallows'-nests built by the *Collocalia brevirostris* with a gelatine sea herb called *gelidium*, and costing as much as thirty dollars a pound, are cooked with chicken broth, and when ready for table might almost be taken for a dish of vermicelli. There is another dish, not included in the above bill of fare, called "rotten eggs" (*pitan*); but everybody who has tasted them says that they are excellent, being simply tame ducks' eggs, the shells of which have been covered with a thick layer of ashes, lime, soda, powdered tea, and grated liquorice-root. The yellow of the egg gradually turns from yellow to green, and then to black; and the deeper the color the more delicate the flavor. Sharks' fins, whether white (*peh yu tche*) or black (*he yu tche*), and the trepang, dried and smoked, are both very popular in China; but though sharks' fins, very much like skate, are generally liked by Europeans, the trepang has a nauseous taste.

Though the correspondent of the *Débats* has never seen rats and dogs eaten, he admits that the evidence of their doing so is overwhelmingly strong. Archdeacon Gray, who resided for a quarter of a century at Hong Kong and Canton, gives a minute description in his book on China of the restaurants in which the flesh of these animals is served, and he tells us that in a street at Canton rats are hung up for sale with poultry. They are dried and salted, and are very much affected by ladies whose hair is falling off, as the flesh of rats is believed to be an excellent preventive of baldness. Pork is one of the staples of Chinese cookery, the best bacon and hams coming from the prov-

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inces of Fokien and Quang-Tung, the flavor of the hams being much improved by keeping them for a year or two in sawdust after they have been cured. As in Europe, certain places in China are renowned for their products, such as Pekin for its sweetened ducks; Tou-liou, a small village near that city, for its vinegar (*tson*); Tchin-Kiang, in the Kiang-su, for a sauce made with fermented beans and salt, which the Chinese use as we use Worcester or Harvey sauce.

The Chinese are generally very abstemious; and though a Chinese servant will occasionally ransack his master's cellar when he gets the opportunity, champagne being in that case preferred to any other wine, it may generally be taken for granted that a native who does not walk straight in the street is suffering from an overdose of opium rather than of alcoholic liquor. A coolie will keep body and soul together upon eight shillings a month; with twice that sum he is able to live very comfortably, for the Chinese sapeque, which is the current coin, is not above the fifteen-hundredth fraction of a tael (6s.), and for ten sapeques he can buy a dish of rice or of vegetables from a vendor in the streets. Boiled rice is the basis of Chinese food, and the symbol of it, so to speak; for a waiter, when asking you whether you are going to take a meal, will ask you whether you will have some rice, and "Have you eaten your rice?" is the equivalent of "How do you do?" In the north of China wheat and canary-seed are also consumed in great quantities, boiled and made into small rolls; cakes made of boiled wheat are held in high esteem, and these with a little fish or some vegetables will enable a Chinaman to make an excellent dinner.

A Chinaman in comfortable circumstances takes, in addition to his breakfast, dinner, and supper, various light refreshments between meals—the *kuo tsâ* leading up to the morning, the *kuo tsong* to the midday, and the *tien chen* to the evening meal, while the *chéau ya* and the *kuo ya* are partaken of during the night by those who cannot get to sleep. This is why the street-vendors are so numerous, and the street cries, varying according to the hour of the day, so discordant; cakes of wheat boiled in oil and hot rice-cakes during the early morning, beans and boiled rice towards noon, the blood of ducks and pigs boiled and dried, eggs cooked just before the chickens which they contain were hatched, baked pears, etc., towards night-time being in turn the

most in demand. Kitchen utensils are of the simplest description. An earthen pan and an iron stove are used to cook every kind of food; while the two chopsticks of bone or ivory are generally preferred to knives, forks, and spoons, though the two last-named, and even the first, are sometimes used now for conveying food to the mouth.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.

ROME, Sept. 12.

OBSERVING for some time past that the old plague of brigandage seemed to be breaking out afresh in various parts of Italy, I had the curiosity to cut out such paragraphs in the Italian papers as referred to this subject, and I send you the result of about ten days' cuttings. It may be said to be not altogether reassuring, either to the public or the brigands. At Cornigliano a bold attempt was made to plunder a tramway car: seven thieves jumped on to one, stopped it, and ordered the passengers to give up their money; but a custom-house officer, coming up, inspired the travellers with courage to resist, and the thieves were driven off. They have since been arrested. Another case of highway robbery was reported from Jesi, in which some travelling pedlars were stopped, and stripped of all worth taking from them, by five men, three of whom were afterwards captured by the police. Near Ravenna an attack was made on a country house by six robbers, who, however, met with an unexpected resistance, and had to give up the attempt. Less fortunate were the Signori Belli, who also were attacked in their farm near Perugia by two men, who revenged themselves for an unsuccessful defence by shooting the elder of the brothers and stabbing him fourteen times; the men are known, but have so far escaped. Near Avellino Signor Simeoni was captured by brigands, who demanded a ransom of twelve thousand francs; but the police were so soon on their track and pursued them so closely that they released their prisoner. The worst case recorded so far is that of Signor Sala, in Sicily, in the district of Porto Adriano. Signor Sala was returning to Palermo with a sum of money in his possession and an escort of seven of his servants. At a spot called Montescuro three brigands stopped the party. Sala tried to escape, but a volley

from the brigands killed him and one of the servants. The only one of the party who did not run away at once returned the fire, and killed a certain La Russa, a notorious brigand long sought after by the police, for whose capture a sum of one thousand francs had been offered; but the others escaped. Between Subiaco and Senni a carriage containing two brothers Ciccarelli and a relation of theirs was stopped a few nights ago by three men watching the road; they all had guns, and ordered the party to alight and give up their money, at first requiring one hundred francs and afterwards one thousand francs. One of the brothers stepped forward as if to render his share, but, instead of doing so, seized the gun of one of the robbers. His two companions threw themselves on the other two, and a desperate struggle ensued, in the course of which the guns went off and wounded one of the brothers. The other, however, managed to shoot one of the brigands; and his companions, seeing they were getting the worst of it, fled, dragging with them their wounded companion. The police were soon on their track, and will no doubt capture them, or at least the wounded one, ere long. The death of Salpietra, in Sicily, one of the bandits who escaped from a prison-van last year, has already been telegraphed. The latest particulars about his death state that the police had information that the band of which he was one of the chiefs would pass through a certain district on a certain night. Accordingly, obtaining rein-

forcements, they went forth to intercept them, and, separating into three parties, hid themselves beside the road. After a while, Salpietra, with some of his companions, rode up (for brigands travel on horseback in Sicily). As they neared the first party they were challenged, and at once fired on the police. The police returned the fire, wounding the horses. The second party now hurried up and opened fire, killing Salpietra and another brigand, but not before a trooper had been shot. The neighborhood was searched for the rest of the band, but if they were following they took alarm on hearing the firing, and decamped. Another brigand has lately been shot near the mines of Pubussini. It was ascertained that he usually slept in a hut near the mines; so one night the police surrounded it. Instead of surrendering when summoned, he fired several times at his assailants, and was in turn shot at and killed. Again, another brigand was killed by one of his companions, and found buried on the side of Monte Sterpino, in Sicily; and in an encounter with gendarmes at Mozzano Appio two brigands were killed and one wounded. Although, therefore, it is rather disheartening to find that there are so many brigands about after being so frequently assured that the last brigand had been accounted for, it is at least satisfactory to find that so much resistance is offered to attacks from these malefactors, and with such good effect.

THE RE-DISCUSSION OF ANCIENT SOLAR ECLIPSES.—The publication of recent investigations on the motion of the moon, appearing to render a new discussion of the ancient eclipses of the sun desirable, the work has been commenced under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, by Mr. D. P. Todd, of the American *Nautical Almanac* office. The computations so far relate to the eclipses of Thales, Larissa, Ennius, Agathocles, and Stiklastad, and to the two eclipses of the thirteenth century, which have formed the subject of an important memoir by Celoria, of the observatory at Milan. It is proposed to extend the original scope of the research to include a large number of ecliptic dates, and great facilities are expected from the use of Newcomb's Tables of Eclipses, which have recently appeared. We shall allude further to these tables in a future column. It will be seen

that this interesting research is in excellent hands.

Nature.

THE well-known Boulak Museum at Cairo has been undergoing repairs, and the fine collection was deposited in a neighboring warehouse under what seemed proper guardianship. But, the *Times* correspondent writes, robbers the other day broke in through the roof, and they must have been robbers of a certain rank of intellect, for some eighty or a hundred scarabees of great value pecuniarily, and impossible to replace, as they related to the early dynasties, were abstracted, although they were things of no apparent worth to an ignorant person.

Nature.